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FAMILIAR LETTERS,

WRITTEN BY

MRS. SARAH OSBORN,

AND

MISS SUSANNA ANTHONY,

LATE OF NEWPORT,

RHODE-ISLAND.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

NEWPORT, *(R. I.)* PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF THE NEWPORT MERCURY.

1807.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Letters are not arranged under the form of a regular Correſpondence; for they were not written in that order. Many intervening letters are loſt.—Many of theſe, were without date, and the dates of others were ſo obliterated, as to be unintelligible.—It therefore appeared inexpedient, to date any of them; they were, however, written, between the years 1740, and 1779.

They were written in the confidence of friendſhip, without a ſuſpicion of their ever appearing in public.—Many more might have been added, had not the price been ſtated ſo low, in the Propoſals.

They expect not the attention of the Learned, nor the notice of the Gay.—If they obtain the approbation of the Pious; and, in any degree, promote the Redeemer's Intereſt; the end of their publication will be anſwered.

Newport, 14th July, 1807.

FAMILIAR LETTERS.

LETTER I.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My very dear and lovely friend,

AS I cannot pay you a perſonal viſit, I muſt beg your acceptance of a ſhort one from my pen, juſt to tell you, my heart is with you, and alſo to call upon you, to praiſe God, with, and for me. God hath graciouſly appeared for me this day, in his houſe, and at his table; notwithſtanding all my unbelieving fears! Oh, my friend, truſt, love, and live upon, this good, and faithful God; and pray for me, that I may conſtantly do ſo too. I long to know how you do, in this trying time. I hope your precious ſoul, is ſwallowed up in the God of ordinances; while, for wiſe and holy ends, you are at preſent detained from God's houſe! The Lord preſerve you from any murmurings, and enable you patiently to ſubmit to his bleſſed will, at all times. If you are able, let me hear from you, by a line or two, which will be very grateful to,

Your ſincere friend,
S. OSBORN.

LETTER II.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My very dear friend,

Yours, I laſt night received, which was like cold water to a thirſty ſoul! It did refreſh my ſoul, to think, that I, unworthy I, was in your thoughts, and on your heart, when you was taken near your God! I truſt it has raiſed my love to my Redeemer, that he was pleaſed to manifeſt himſelf to you.

Oh, my friend, ſurely I love and honor my glorious Saviour, for any diſplays of his power and grace, though they be not directly made to me; yet, if Jeſus be glorified in his ſaints, I rejoice, and thereby am made a partaker of their joys! Oh, let my infinitely glorious God be magnified and exalted, and I am delighted, yea even raviſhed! It is well, infinitely well, though I was denied the happy privilege of meeting God in his houſe, and at his table.—My ſpirits ſunk within me, while, in *thought*, I viewed the table ſpread, the gueſts invited, and a happy few permitted to lean on the breaſt of Jeſus, while at ſupper, and hear him ſaying unto them, Eat, O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved; but *I*, ſhut out, not ſuffered to taſte the children's bread! My ſoul melted into

heavineſs! I had prayed, waited, and hoped, there to meet my God; and the denial was, and ſtill is, affecting and afflicting, but I forbear! God is juſt and holy, *I* am ſinful, and unworthy! Yet I rejoice for you, and more, that the divine perfections are glorioufly diſplayed! But, O my dear, were you thus highly-favoured, by the King of kings! the eternal Jehovah! Did this pure, this holy Being, permit you to draw near to him, and even *take* you near him! Oh, why? Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him! Verily the contemplation, and enjoyment of God, is the higheſt dignity of human capreity! Oh, here, my thoughts are loſt, in wonder, love, and adoration! What, man, fallen, guilty man, to be thus highly-favoured! To be raiſed to know, and enjoy, this infinite, ſelf-ſufficient God—a *Being*, who is indeed his own infinite delight and happineſs, the portion, reſt, and delight, of *finite* creatures! O infinite grace, and love! And did He, who is the high and lofty one, who inhabiteth eternity, condeſcend to manifeſt himſelf to you! Shall not this, fix your heart forever, in admiration, love and gratitude, to God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, who all engaged in this work for you! O, my dear friend, be grateful, be thankful, be humble, be holy, and joyful. And though

you may not ſtay on the mount, to build tabernacles, yet take Jeſus down with you! Oh, now take care, you do not loſe ſight of him, whom you lately ſaw by faith, and ſaw him infinitely lovely, and deſirable; for ſo, I am ſure, he appeared to you if you ſaw him at all; either what he is in himſelf, or what he is to you.

Oh, my friend, I am jealous over you, I truſt with a godly jealouſy, leſt you let Satan, the world, or your own heart, cauſe him to withdraw! God is infinitely good and gracious, but he is Lord of lords, and a glorious Sovereign! He will not always bear with the affronts and indignities, which we offer him. Though he bear much, and long, yet, abuſed love and mercies, will let us ſee, it is an evil and bitter thing, to depart from the living God! But why do I thus write? Can my friend forget, or ſlight, that loving-kindneſs which is better than life: Can ſhe ſlight a Saviour's love and grace? Can ſhe ever revolt any more! Can ſhe be ſo unthankful, as practically to ſay, his frowns are as good as his ſmiles? Can ſhe ever forget her late fears, and hear the Prince of Peace ſpeak pardon; or, Can ſhe forget her own ſolemn vows, and penitent reflections! Will ſhe forſwear herſelf and re-

tract, surely no! But I must have done, I am quite spent, yet am,

Yours, affectionate,

S. ANTHONY.

LETTER III.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear S,

I have been once, and again, refreshed by your dear letter; and desire that we may, by assisting grace, endeavour to keep up this way of conversing together; the Lord make it effectual, for the quickening and reviving our souls.

I have of late, been under distressing fears, that I shall, one day, be left so to myself, as to fall foully, if not finally, into sin, to the great dishonor of my profession, and wounding of my own soul! I thought, I had reason to fear it, from my slothfulness, in secret duties, where I believe, generally, apostacy begins. But behold, while I said, my "foot slippeth," the mercy of my God held me up! And instead of leaving me to revolt more and more, he hath returned, in his quickening, sanctifying, and comforting ininfluences, and constrains me to adore him, as a faithful God, who, I now believe, will never

leave nor forſake me. Now I can ſet up my ebenezer again, for hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I am of your opinion, that it is a ſtratagem of Satan, which keeps us pondering ſo much on the vileneſs of our own hearts, as to hinder us from delighting, and rejoicing, in our glorious Mediator! Few, I believe, have been more overcome in this way, than I. But through the goodneſs of my God, I am more at liberty! And is it thus my dear, are we beſet with ſnares on every ſide? Are the righteous ſcarcely ſaved? and are we, among the happy few, who have entered the ſtrait gate, and are walking the narrow way, to life eternal! What obligations are we under, to love, praiſe, admire, and adore! Oh, let us not leave all this, to do in eternity; but let us now in time, begin that bleſt employment, which in eternity ſhall never end!

When I began to write, my heart was filled as with new wine, and wanted vent; but my pain, obliges me to break off abruptly.—Let us be looking forward, to the great Captain of our ſalvation; who will, I truſt, bring us at laſt, to the enjoyment of himſelf, which the utmoſt we can deſire.

Yours, in the bonds of friendſhip,
S. OSBORN.

LETTER IV.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear S.

Through the hurry and confuſion of my mind yeſterday, I did not ſeem to take proper notice of that which ſo nearly concerned, and touched your heart ſo tenderly; yet it has ever ſince, lain near my heart.

And does it appear to you my dear, that Providence is now as it were, calling you to reſign your moſt dear enjoyments; to give up your beloved Iſaac, your beloved retirement? Does reaſon tell you, that your way is ſo hedged up, it is impoſſible for you to enjoy it under ſuch circumſtances as Providence is about to place you in? Now endeavour to exerciſe an Abraham's faith, and hope, againſt hope! You will ſurely find the Ram, caught in the thicket: God will provide himſelf an acceptable ſacrifice. Your covenant God, who hath ſo often cauſed light to ſpring out of darkneſs to you, will not leave you deſtitute now, of the enjoyment of himſelf. No, no. He will find out ways and means, to bring you nigh to himſelf, and will refreſh your precious ſoul! Remember, with God, all things are poſſible! Renewedly caſt all your care on him, who

careth for you; yea caſt this, with all your heavy burdens on him, he will ſurely ſuſtain you. Look on your dear and lovely Saviour, whom you have received with all his benefits; your glorious King, who continually ſways his royal ſceptre, and orders all things for his own glory, and your good. Look on your dear indulgent Father, through him, and think, whether he will deny you any thing you aſk, in the name of Chriſt, when conſiſtent with his glory, ſurely he will not, therefore leave all with him, by ventureſome believing, and all ſhall be well. He will never leave nor forſake you. And I believe, you may depend upon it, that when God cannot find out ways to bring you near to him here, he will ſoon take you to himſelf, and ſatisfy your longing ſoul with full fruition.—Time fails, accept this with dear love, from

Yours, in the ſtrongeſt bonds,

S. O.

LETTER V.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My very dear, and conſtant friend,

When the bridegroom is abſent, ſhall not the children of the bride-chamber *faſt*, as well as pray? A paſſage in your prayer,

on Friday, viz. that we were now called to this, ſtruck me; and has continued with me. I once could practice this, without going from home; but it is otherwiſe with me now, for want of room.

It has been ſuggeſted to my mind, to propoſe one thing to you; but the fear of ſtraitening you, hath prevented me! I will, however, juſt mention it. I know you will be as forward as I, if your circumſtances will admit; it is this, To ſet apart one whole day, for ſolemn faſting and prayer, and let the whole ſociety join; I wiſh you to conſider of it until Wedneſday evening, that if you approve, and Providence permit, it may be on Friday next, and thus begin the New-Year. I do not deſire to crowd upon you, but do not let Satan caſt difficulties in your way, as he does in mine; for who knoweth, but our God will be with us, and yet cauſe us to glorify him, and thus avenge us of our adverſaries! Oh, may we ſeek the Lord, who hideth himſelf from the houſe of Jacob! And if we gain no more, than an encouragement to hold on ſeeking him, we ſhall ſurely find our account in it; for he will come, and will not tarry. Oh, it is a time of great diſcouragement; and who can tell, whether we are come to the darkeſt time of the night? I fear

not, nor do we know how long the night will laſt! I know the day will come; but faith and patience will be neceſſary, to wait for the dawn!

Yours, in the firmeſt bonds,

S. A.

Obſervation. Bleſſed be thou of the Lord, and bleſſed be thine advice! This was before the beginning of our ſolemn Faſt, January 1, 1762. S. O.

LETTER VI.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My very dear friend,

In the midſt of a multiplicity of buſineſs and company, I take my pen to write you a haſty line. I heard, by a line from Miſs M. that you had been called to give up your dear little *Susan*;* and while I tenderly felt for you, and ſympathized with you, I fixed upon it, that the Lord had need of it. I concluded it did, and would call up your attention; and perhaps the Lord had more important, honorable ſervice, for an old diſciple, in this time of peculiar trial, when all his faithful ſervants

* A grand child of Mr. Oſborne's, who was named for Miſs S. A.

were required to *repair*, or ſtrengthen the hands of the *repairers*, of the houſe of our God !* While the dear babe lived, I viewed it as growing up in the church of God, and much more than ſupplying our places: But when dead, I thought, perhaps this young plant, would have drawn too much ſap from that ſpreading, yet aged oak, and ſo eclipſe her beauty, mar her importance, and weaken at leaſt, her ſhady influence. Here I had pleaſure in viewing this Providence, as an expreſſion of the high value and importance in which the dear Redeemer held the ſervices and rewards of his dear child. May the all-ſufficient Jehovah be preſent, and encircle you in his everlaſting arms of mercy !

I am, with most sensible affection,
Your constant friend,
S A.

* They were repairing the Meeting-Houſe, after the war.

LETTER VII.

From the same, to Mrs. O. written in Boston.

My dear friend,

I wrote you ſome time ago, in anſwer to

yours; if you have received it, I truſt you will bleſs God for, and with me.

Iam often converſing with you in my mind, about *home*, our *everlasting* home I mean, that dear world above, where Jeſus, our Emmanuel dwells, and where I hope we ſhall be ere long. Come, Lord Jeſus, O, come quickly! Amidſt all the ſatisfaction and pleaſures which I find here, I wiſh and long, for the bleſſed viſion, and fruition of my God! Oh, what can earth afford my thirſty ſoul, equal to this? Verily nothing! I would contemn all its imaginary delights: It is God, the infinite, ſelf-ſufficient, all-ſufficient God alone, can make me happy! I will have no other good, as my choſen portion! I truſt I have made my choice, a choice never to be re-called! Methinks I have no home, but in God; and here I will take up my reſidence, my ſafe repoſe forever! Say my friend, may I not? Methinks I hear your ſweet elevated reply, while faith renews its acting, and love is raviſhed with the divine perfections, "Theſe are the very ſentiments of my ſoul!" Surely there is nothing worth our living for, but the glorifying and enjoying of God. O then, what tranſport and delight, will heaven afford.—There, the happy ſouls are put beyond all poſſibility of diſhonouring God! Yea they

are actually put into the higheſt capacity of glorifying him! What pure, what ſacred, ſincere, and undiſſembled praiſes, will they ſing, among the innumerable multitude; while they aſcribe glory and honor to God, and to the Lamb! There, the thirſty ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied in the full enjoyment of *him*, who is his own infinite delight. But what can a mortal, finite worm ſay of this, only that it is the enjoyment of *infinite* good!—*Here* I loſe all conception, and believe and admire, what I cannot fathom! It is *infinite*, and cannot be fully reached by a finite mind; yet bleſſed be God, we, even we, in this diſtant land; may contemplate and adore thoſe tranſporting glories! Oh, do not our hearts burn within us with gratitude and love, while we view by faith the divine perfections; and believe this God, to be our reconciled friend and Father, our covenant God; and everlaſting portion! O, what unſpeakable pleaſure and delight, flow from the thought, of the near union which ſubſiſts between Chriſt and believers! And are we thus united to the bleſſed God? Let us walk worthy our divine privilege, behave as members of his body. —What light and life, what peace of conſcience, joy in the Holy Ghoſt, increaſe of grace, perſeverance to the end with eternal glory, reſult from this union! And ſhall

we not improve these glorious advantages to glorify God, and exalt the dear Redeemer, in the eyes of the world? Oh how did he dignify our nature when he took it on himself, and how doth he ennoble and advance it, when he raises us to the dignity of sons and daughters of God! Are *we*, degenerate fallen creatures, poor despicable worms, united to the great Jehovah, to the pure and holy God; and dare we affront him with our sins! Will he bear with such ingratitude? Will he put up with such indignities? I am ready to wonder, that I have not been made a monument of abused mercy long ago! Where are those grateful returns, which mighty love, inflamed by infinite benignity, once vowed to make? I rejoice in every bond which binds my soul to God, and yet break through all to forsake him! The devout language of my soul often is, "Thy favour is better than life;" O let me please THEE, and all is well. Look THOU upon me with approbation, and I possess all the happiness my craving soul can wish! And yet much of my practice, contradicts this language! I cry to God in a devout pang and tell him, it is heaven to be near, and like him, that I long for greater conformity to him, that this is all the heaven I hope for; and yet so sluggish are my pursuits, that I seem to deny my own assertions!

And yet my friend, I hope for divine acceptance! I truſt the juſt Judge is my friend, the pure and holy Redeemer my Advocate, the bleſſed Spirit of all grace my Sanctifier! But how can I thus hope? Becauſe according to the word of God, I truſt I am intereſted in the righteouſneſs of Jeſus Chriſt, and that which I do, I allow not. I truſt from my inmoſt ſoul, I hate this inconſiſtency; and it is through the dear Mediator *alone*, that I have confidence toward God. Here, here, is the life of all my hope and joy! Oh, my divine refuge, how amiable doſt thou now appear! How miſerable were I without thee! How happy am I in thee, thou, who knoweſt thine own infinite perfections, can tell! I can but ſee through a glaſs darkly, but I hope ere long to know more, and love more! Till then, my friend, let us by faith, take a view of Emmanuel's land, ſurvey that bleſt abode; but let us moſt admire and contemplate thoſe perfections of his nature, which ſhall have a tranſforming influence on our ſouls, for bleſſed be God, conformity and nearneſs are inſeparable! To be near him, and not like him, would yield no pleaſure; and to be like him, and not near to him, would be torment inexpreſſible! But I may not add, may Jeſus delight your precious ſoul. Pray for me, who am, I truſt, yours, in

the bonds of an everlasting relation; members of one body, Jesus the head. S. A.

LETTER VIII.

From Miss S. A. to Miss O.

Dear Madam,

I should rejoice to see you, but am so ill, that I am not able. I am going out of town, to stay till Saturday. I have been quite ill these two days, not able to sit up. May God prosper and bless you in your journey. O, that we may ere long meet again in safety and comfort here, or in a better world, where neither sin nor sickness shall ever interrupt, the devout aspiration of all our brighter powers! O happy hour! O sweet release! How welcome would it be, to my thirsty soul, to see the God I love! The God in whom my life is hid! Yea my all, both for time, and for eternity, and yours too! But I must conclude, begging you to pray for me, as I shall for you.

May God preserve you!

Your faithful, S. A.

LETTER IX.

From the same, to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

I have but a moment, yet becauſe I would not *seem* to forget you, I will employ it in writing. But what ſhall I ſay? My ſoul is burdened with this clog of earth! Sin and Satan diſturb my reſt. Oh, for the dawn of that everlaſting Sabbath, when all my ſoul ſhall reſt in God, its eternal centre! It is *this*, bears me through this wilderneſs of briers and thorns; the hope of *rest*, ſweetens the cup; it is then, my friend, I ſhall learn war no more! Then I ſhall reſt forever, under the great Captain of my Salvation; my God, and my Chriſt, the endleſs delight of my ſoul! There, no gloomy fears or horrid ſuggeſtion ſhall ever interrupt my reſt! 'Till then, I ſhall never be happy! Yet, I know my God is infinitely wiſe in all theſe things, and therefore I will glory and triumph in him! Let him order all things for me, as he ſeeth beſt; for *He* is my *wisdom* as well as righteouſneſs. I have put over all my concerns into his hands, and now I long to reſt ſatisfied with all his diſpenſations! Oh, let not any of his ways be grievous, to a ſoul that is intereſted in his everlaſting Covenant-love, who hath ſuch a Redeemer as Jeſus!

Is Chriſt my reſt and portion, then can I ſay I am diſtreſſed and poor? No! let me rather make out after him, and receive his love! —But I may not add.

Yours, S. A.

LETTER X.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

Dear S.

Since our converſation the laſt week, I ſeem to ſee more than ever, wherein I am wanting to myſelf; and it is, in not improving the fullneſs, ſufficiency, and perfection of righteouſneſs, there is in the Lord Jeſus! —It is indeed for want of this, that I ſo often faint, and ſit down diſcouraged, ready with Jonah to ſink, and wiſh to die, when corruptions preſs hard upon me; and though with Sampſon, when his hair was cut, I begin to ſhake myſelf a little; yet finding no ſtrength of my own, I forget where help is to be found; and ſo ſuffer theſe Philiſtians to put out *both* the eyes of my faith, and make their own ſport of me! Whereas, could I but learn and practice, the art of living on Chriſt by faith, I might ſnap their bands aſunder as burnt tow, and triumph in the midſt of

them! They could not bind me, no, not with ſtrong cords! O pray for me, that I may do ſo. May the Lord go on to ſtrengthen you. I rejoice in his goodneſs to you, that he doth not ſuffer you to be overwhelmed by thoſe, who ſeek your ruin! Oh, bleſſed be God, he is ſtronger than the ſtrong man armed, and will not ſuffer you to be tempted, above what you are able, and will with the temptation, make a way for your eſcape! The Lord be with you.

Your real friend,

S. O.

LETTER XI.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear, dear Madam,

Do not be diſcouraged; it is but the trial of your faith and patience. I thought you knew, it was through much tribulation, many and various trials, that our graces muſt be brightened and kept alive, until perfected in eternal life! O conſider, you have but the very lot, which infinite wiſdom and eternal counſel hath aſſigned you. Had leſs difficulty, and fewer trials been beſt for you, you ſhould have had them. I am perſuaded, we

need nothing but grace, to make every condition, and circumſtance in life, comfortable and happy. I truly ſympathize with you. I pray God to appear for you.

Yours, most affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER XII.

From the same, to Mrs. O.

My dear Mrs. O.

I long to ſee you, but Providence ſeems to forbid, and I deſire to ſubmit! O, that in the end it may be found, that I have indeed been refining, and that the fruit of all has been the taking away of ſin. I was taken laſt evening very ſick, I fainted, and lay near an hour, but juſt able to let my friends know that I was alive; and I am ſo weak to-day, that I can keep off my bed but a few minutes at a time. Nature ſeems almoſt worn out, and had I not experienced ſuch ſcenes before, from which I have been relieved, I ſhould think nature would ſoon ſink under it; but as it is, I am rather led to think, it is ſent for a trial, and not to releaſe me from this priſon of clay; but however, I deſire to kiſs

the rod, and embrace the God that doth chaſtiſe! Oh, my dear, when my God comes, as it were himſelf, with the rod, I am ſo taken up with his admirable perfections, that I loſe ſight of the rod, in his preſence! He hath ſcattered the clouds which ſeemed to make the rod lay heavy, and while he will ſhow me his covenant-love and faithfulneſs, all is well! And alas, it is owing to the weakneſs of my faith, that I do not always eſteem it ſo. Yet I muſt ſay, it is through Chriſt ſtrengthening me, that I can bear, or do any thing!

Your unworthy friend,

S. A.

P. S. I hoped your hands would have grown better, by the means you were uſing, yet I ſee no ſigns of it; but I forbear.

LETTER XIII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear friend,

This letter will inform you, that you made a miſtake the other day, when you

thought my *hands* were grown worſe ;* no, it was my *heart*, or you would doubtleſs have had a few lines, by ſome means before now. However, ſince God in his Providence is depriving us of opportunities to converſe by word of mouth, I deſire we may do it by writing, and converſe in this way, as often as your weakneſs, and my opportunities will admit. I find that your growing weaker, while I am thus confined, is grievous to me, leſt I ſhould be deprived of being with you to the laſt! But I deſire to ſubmit to the will of a Sovereign God!—Oh, may you conſtantly enjoy his ſmiles now, even now, when your outward man is decaying day by day! May your inward man be renewed more and more. May you be conformed to the image of the bleſſed God; and, as a *Sampson indeed*, glorify God more at your death, than ever yet you have done in all your life! Oh, my dear, I find a ſelfiſh principle in me, which pleads hard for your life; nevertheleſs, I cannot be ſo cruel to you, as to wiſh your ſtay.—But I know not what work I ſhall make, if I live, and am called to reſign you! I dread my ſtubborn heart, I fear it will reſiſt, I fear it will murmur!—Oh, my dear, pray for me,

* Mrs. Oſborn had then a bad humour in her hands, which prevented her writing.

while you have breath, that I may not be left behind you, in this howling wilderneſs, unſanctified and unreſigned! Oh, pray that if God does take you from me, a double portion of his Spirit may reſt upon me; that I may now fly to the *fountain*, and take up my reſt and comfort there! Very pleaſant haſt thou been to me; and would to God I were ripe enough to go with thee! But O, pray that we may have a joyful meeting at Chriſt's right hand!

Ah, my dear, methinks I cannot help rejoicing with you in the proſpect, that God is about to anſwer the ardent petitions, and breathings of your ſoul after him, and to fill you with himſelf!

Oh, my dear S. do not forget me, nor deprive me of the privilege which I have often requeſted, and now beg as on my knees, I mean the peruſal of your dear manuſcrips; which have ſo often refreſhed me, and warmed my heart. My dear, do not deny me, but be willing I ſhould reap advantage by you, while you are ſweetly ſleeping in Jeſus! Conſider how much I ſtand in need of every help; and as you have never denied me in life, be not cruel to me at laſt! Be entreated, by all the bonds of friendſhip, to grant my

requeſt! Leave it with God, who has glorified himſelf in you, and made you ſuch a monument of his grace, to take care of his own honor in every thing relating to you.

Farewell, my dear! the Lord ſupport and comfort you! The Lord give you a victorious faith, a flaming love, a becoming patience and zeal for his glory. The Lord ſhine in upon your precious ſoul, and fill you as full of himſelf, as in this mortal ſtate you can contain, till you ſhall be complete in glory. This is the ſincere deſire, of

Your faithful friend,

S. O.

LETTER XIV.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

Gladly would I have been with you this evening, but finding myſelf ſo unable, I dare not preſume. Alas! I am ſoon tired *in*, though not *of* religion. This is my greateſt, yea I may ſay, all my affliction. But, bleſſed be God, I hope in his own time, I ſhall get where I ſhall never tire more! O, when ſhall it be, that neither faintneſs, nor ſickneſs, ſhall check my faith and love!

God was pleaſed yeſterday, to refreſh me in ſermon, and at his table; but as I ſaid before, I ſoon grow weary; pray for me! O pray for me, that now I cannot wreſtle with God as formerly, and as it were, *pull* the bleſſing down, He would *shed* it down abundantly, on my ſoul! O, I long to get near my God, and bathe my thirſty ſoul in his fulneſs! but I muſt ceaſe!

S A.

LETTER XV.

From the same, to Mrs. O.

My dear Mrs. O.

Into your breaſt, I have often poured out the joys and ſorrows of my ſoul; and as often have found compaſſion, tenderneſs, and ſympathy there; and now, though I cannot ſee your face, yet let me reach your pity and prayers, by a few lines.

I have eſteemed it the higheſt joy and felicity of my ſoul to meet God in his Sanctuary!—There, my dark underſtanding hath been enlightened; there, my ſtubborn will hath been bowed; there, my cold affections, have been warmed; there, my too-wavering faith hath been eſtabliſhed and ſtrengthened! Yea,

there, I truſt, my repentance, ſincerity, and obedience, have been excited, quickened, cleared and encreaſed! How often hath the word, prepared for me and applied to me, been more convincing, and eſtabliſhing to me, than a voice from Heaven could have been! From my firſt embracing thoſe precious privileges I now enjoy, a ſovereign God, hath ſeemed to delight, to own and bleſs them to unworthy me; ſo that I am drawn by mere neceſſity, to deſire them, delight, and rejoice in them.

Theſe, my friend, have been the grand motives, which have cauſed me to ſtudy ſoul-proſperity more than bodily health. Could I be permitted to viſit God's ſanctuary, and no one complain of me,* I think I could bear my indiſpoſition of body with alacrity. But my friends, and my phyſician, ſeem more and more againſt my going out to meeting; ſo that I ſeem to be ſhut out of God's houſe, and am even melted down under the trial! I know my friends do it out of kindneſs to my health; but do, my dear, uſe your influence with them, to gratify me! It is not a fond conceit of my own opinion, but if I know my own deceitful heart, it is only be-

* Miſs Anthony's health was ſo low, that her friends thought it imprudent for her to go out.

cauſe I love the ſanctuary of God, and do eſteem one day ſpent in his Courts, better than a thouſand elſewhere! O pray for me, that while I am permitted to walk on earth, it may be to walk up to the houſe of God! And if I am deprived of this privilege, pray that I may have abundant meaſures of the preſence of that God, who is not confined to houſe, ordinances, or means!

May this God refreſh your ſoul with large communications of light and life from himſelf! May you always repoſe your ſoul on the breaſt of Jeſus, and at laſt be filled with the complete enjoyment of him! There, and there only, is true happineſs, without the leaſt alloy.—I need not tell you, in this, is all my hope and joy!

But I must conclude,

Your unworthy,

S A.

LETTER XVI.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My dear friend,

I long to know how you do! The weather has prevented, or I ſhould have ſeen you

before now, therefore beg you will not have hard thoughts of me. I know if I cannot help you, yet I bear you continually on my heart, beseeching the Father of Mercies, to refresh and revive you with his abundant consolations! O, may he make you glad, with the light of his countenance! I cannot but hope, that ere now, God hath scattered the clouds, and as it were, unveiled his divine beauty and loveliness to your view! I hope you are now admiring, and adoring, free, rich, sovereign grace! Methinks I hear you saying, he was angry, but his anger is turned away; and while the blessed Spirit is testifying and shewing the blessed fruits of the frown, you cry, Lord it is enough! If thy glory is advanced, all is well! I hope you are full of consolation, and these lines will find you, either at the feet of your Jesus, or leaning on his bosom!

O, my friend, do you not wonder at the grace of God, that you, or I, after such ingratitude, should ever be permitted to get near him again; that he does not hold us at a distance, equal with our sin!—You may wonder for me, who am less than nothing, and constantly departing from God! Surely you must adore his grace, as it respects me, if no other! O, the breath

I draw, to write theſe lines, is forfeited!— Verily God is gracious, becauſe he will be gracious! *Adieu!*

S. A.

LETTER XVII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

Dear S.

By every letter I receive from you, I think, ſomething more of my own heart is diſcovered to me. In your laſt, you have ſhewed me how much more, the hateful principle of ſelf-love reigns in me, than love to God! This I did not diſcern, when I wrote my laſt. You are right, my dear, the glory of God, the exalting of Jeſus, ought to be the object of our purſuit, rather than our own eaſe. The Lord humble me for the narrowneſs of my heart!

Well, bleſſed be God, I have had a diſcovery of the fulneſs, ſufficiency, willingneſs, truth and faithfulneſs of the great Redeemer, the week paſt, in converſing with one who is in great diſtreſs, for her ſoul; one who thinks her day is paſt, her ſins too great to be forgiven! And verily I believe there is not any thing that will ſtir up the zeal and

courage of a poor, faint-hearted Chriſtian, like meeting with thoſe who diſtruſt the Saviour: For, if we are not quite ſenſeleſs, it conſtrains us to ſpeak for him, whom we truſt, hath broken through ſuch oppoſition, and cauſed his grace to triumph over, and ſubdue, ſuch rebels! O, if he hath conquered *me*, ſurely nothing can be too hard for him! I would gladly add, but time will not permit. Let us preſs forward dear friend, we ſhall find God's grace ſufficient, to perfect that which he hath begun in us! Then we will adore and praiſe forever, without any of theſe breaks and pauſes. The Lord be with you. Pray hard, for your affectionate,

S. O.

LETTER XVIII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

Notwithſtanding my purpoſe of writing to you, yet, my backward heart would have deferred it, did I not hope it might, by the bleſſing of God, be a mean of reviving our ſouls. I wiſh we may reap a double crop, viz. in writing and receiving. O, may we again

take ſweet counſel together, and walk in the light of God's countenance!

O my friend, I long for the freedom and familiarity we once enjoyed, when we were brought near to our God, and to each other! How did we then ſhare, each others joys, and ſorrows! Jeſus, was known to us, by the lovely name, *Emmanuel!* Was he not with us? and did not our hearts burn within us, while we converſed with, and of him!—How ſweet was it to hear, and tell, in what manner the bleſſed God, had revealed himſelf to us, either in his providences, or ordinances! Surely his ways were pleaſant, and all his paths peace! Come then my friend, let us join heart and hand, in purſuing religion, as the only object worthy our eſteem! Methinks, while I am writing to ſo dear a friend, I am only converſing with my own ſoul; and may uſe the utmoſt freedom. Is there any variableneſs or change in our God? Is there not enough in him, to ſatisfy our utmoſt deſires? Why then do we live at ſuch a diſtance from him! Alas, *I* ſeem to be always reſolving, but never fixedly performing! I ſeem ſerious, and earneſt to *will*, but too indifferent to *do!* The corruptions of my heart never were more powerful, than of late.

I think of Hezekiah, whom God recovered from great ſickneſs, but his heart was lifted up; and he did not render to God, according to the benefits done to him.

I am ſurrounded with dangers, but the worſt is my own heart! I am ready to wonder at the patience of God towards me:—O, it is "becauſe he is God, and not man; therefore I am not conſumed"! I cannot but ſee and abhor the wretched depravity of my whole ſoul, and bewail my unlikeneſs to God; yet I would ſo look at it, as to excite more ardent deſires, after the enjoyment of him! I have been inclined, of late, to look on God as a juſt Judge, rather than a compaſſionate Father, in and through Chriſt; this, Satan would have improved, to work in me a ſervile fear; and prompt to duty, not from love and delight in God, but from a ſlaviſh ſpirit. But glory to God, when Satan ſtrove to drive me from God, the bleſſed Spirit, I truſt, led me nearer to him; for, while I beheld him as a juſt and terrible Judge, I ſaw every refuge fail, Chriſt only muſt be my ſurety! then did he appear truly precious to my ſoul! Thus Satan was baffled, for me, O unbounded grace!

When I hear profane wretches ſpeak lightly of Chriſt, it is then, with renewed vigour, faith

and love, I embrace him, as the only portion of my soul. Here, have I said to my soul, take up thy rest forever, even in thy God! O, it is sweet-resting our souls, and all their concerns, on a faithful covenant God, and Father, through our dear Redeemer.

O my friend, I have renewed my choice; and now, methinks, I am as happy, as I can be here. I have enough; I ask no more! Nothing, but what flows from union, and communion, with the blessed God! O, this is enough, were I stripped of all the delights of the Universe! I am happy now; but O, what does yet remain!—*Rivers* of pleasure, yet unfathomed by us: even the open vision, and full fruition of our God; for which I long!

Your constant,

S. A.

LETTER XIX.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My very dear, dear S.

I rejoice exceedingly, to find, that God is so evidently appearing for you, and is crushing Satan under your feet! The Lord

go on to refreſh your precious ſoul, by giving you yet more extenſive views of the excellency, and all-ſufficiency of the dear Redeemer, and the glorious way of ſalvation by him! Ah, my dear, this ſhall find us work for eternity! There we ſhall admire, adore, wonder, and gaze, on the divine perfections, and ſhout forth the riches of redeeming love and grace! But O, think you, that ſuch another monument of mercy will be ſet up, in all the New-Jeruſalem, as worthleſs me! One ſo ungrateful, ſo vile, and unworthy! Never was adorable, ſovereigu mercy, more richly diſplayed, than in chooſing rebel me, to be one of the happy few! But O, my dear, what great things am I writing? Is it of a truth thus? Were we choſen from eternity, given to the dear Mediator, redeemed by his precious blood, called effectually in time, juſtified, adopted, and in part ſanctified! And do we hope to be complete in glory, wholly freed from the tyranny of ſin and Satan, and in the full enjoyment of our God! O, but why theſe great things for *us!* Let us ſtand and wonder! What manner of love is this, that we ſhould be called, the children of God! Let us rejoice, and again I ſay, rejoice! The Lord be with you.

Pray for me, and write to me as often as

you can, for I am much refreſhed by your letters.

Yours in Christ,

S. O.

LETTER XX.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O. written at Providence.

My dear Friend,

Shall I communicate to you, the good things my eyes ſee, and my ears hear?—Surely the one half was not told me nor had I any idea of it before I came here! The firſt tidings I met, was the hopeful converſion of the ſon, of ——. The next, was a Mr. ——, who had been a vile character: I have ſeen and converſed with him, to my great ſatisfaction; his exerciſes were ſolid, rational, and ſcriptural, I truſt he is born of God, and think I can ſay, I glorified God in him!

O, my dear, even my unbelieving, jealous, ſuſpicious temper, dare not queſtion this work of God! O, if you were here, I doubt not you would ſay, this is the Lord's doings,

and it is marvellous in our eyes! I have heard Mr. S. twice to-day, and think him an excellent preacher. I have seen as yet, nothing which appeared disorderly; but all solemn, reverential, serious and rational.—I have seen Deacon ——, whose heart seems much revived with the prospect, that soon, a nation shall be born in a day! We hear that the work is general, and that some Jews have been brought in, at New-York. O when shall *Rhode-Island* come up in remembrance before God!

You will be anxious to know, how it is with me? My passions have been much moved this day, more than I have seen any other persons, though I have seen those, who, I believe, had much more real religion.—The most I have been able to realize, since I have been here, is the case of a humbled sinner, broken off, from every refuge, and bowed at the foot of divine sovereignty.—Also the preciousness, of a dear, glorious, Almighty Redeemer, to such a soul. —But I cannot add.

I am yours, in the strongest bonds,

S. A.

LETTER XXI.

From Mrs. S. A. to Mrs. O. written under extreme Weakness.

My very dear Mrs. O.

It would be no ſmall comfort to me, to enjoy your company, with that uninterrupted freedom, I once did. Yet I beg to ſubmit to that divine hand, which hath, and doth, mix all my cup, for me! My dear, although I am not able to hold my head from the pillow while I write, yet my regard for you is ſuch, I could not omit it. Although my God is correcting me, I hope, yea I believe, he will not reject me! O, may it appear, that I *perform*, as well as *resolve*, "Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him!" I have long thought he ſaw, an afflicted ſtate beſt for me; but never really thought he meant to take me away, till within theſe few days, in which my diſorders have riſen to extremity. So great has been my pain, and diſtreſs, that it ſeemed all *new* work I had to do, as though I had never taken a ſtep in the valley before! I was in ſuch extreme pain yeſterday, that had it laſted a little longer, I muſt, without uncommon ſupport, have loſt my ſenſes!

But that dear, that gracious God, who ſent it, knew what I could bear, and would lay

no more upon me, than what he would support me under. The becoming temper of a child, was set before me in these words, "*patient in tribulation!*" The words were as constantly with me almost, as my breath; and I could not help admiring the mercy of God, that I was not always held up, in such extremity of pain! I have been trying a new medicine to-day: I am willing, while my life continues, to use means; for I trust my desires, after the full enjoyment of God, shall never influence me to neglect my duty to my body, though I do not expect any real help; but, that after I have a while, suffered the divine will, I shall be admitted to the full enjoyment of himself!

O, my dear, how can I say *this*, without transport! Will God in very deed, and is he about to bring me, to behold his face in glory! What, so worthless and despicable a worm, as I am! I, who have long thought myself infinitely unworthy the society and enjoyment of the saints, though in their imperfect state here below! Shall I be admitted into the society of Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect? And above all, into the presence of the infinitely pure Jehovah! But shall such a defiled soul as mine, enter that world, *where* God hath declared,

that nothing *unholy*, shall enter!—O, what a hopeless, miserable case were mine, did I not believe in the fulness and sufficiency of the blessed Saviour, even for me. He is made of God, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and complete redemption, to all who believe!

Now is Christ, precious to me. O, where were my hopes or joy, was it not for this dear Saviour! But why, have I reason to hope, he is mine? Not for any merit in me, no! grace is free, and sovereign, or it had never regarded me! How glorious is the inheritance, which is purchased! What immortal springs of consolation flow there!—*Rivers* of pleasure! How transported must a soul be, to find itself released, from this clog of clay; all the darkness, stubbornness, coldness, and reluctancy, changed into light, joy, refined fervour, and activity! But ah, I am now ready to say, can this be near to me? Surely I was mistaken; I must not yet expect the prize! So short a race—so unripe a soul—must not expect so soon, to be gathered in! But now, I leave it with God, who knoweth my desires.

I am yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear S.

Let me now call on you, to magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together; for I was brought low, and he helped me! I was commanded often in a day, to ſtand ſtill and ſee the ſalvation of God, and now I ſee it! The day is broke, and the ſhadows are fleeing away.

The Lord is my ſhepherd, and I ſhall not want. Thanks be to God, who brought me to reſt in himſelf, and to rely on his word, before he opened a door for my deliverance. O, he deals kindly with me, to make me believe for my mercies, before I have them. Thanks to you, my dear friend, for your compaſſion in my diſtreſs; for it has indeed been a day of diſtreſs. Thanks to my dear paſtor and ſpouſe, for their affectionate, tender concern for me; may God in infinite mercy reward them. May they never want a friend, to comfort and refreſh them in times of trouble.

May precious Chriſt, eſteem every act of kindneſs, done to his poor worthleſs creature, as done unto himſelf; yea, and he will; a

cup of water ſhall not be loſt. I have met with a remarkable providence, which has greatly relieved me. O, God can make me thankful.

Yours,

S. O.

LETTER XXIII.

From Miss S. A. to Miss O.

Dear Mrs. O.

Yours, ſhort as it was, did refreſh me. O, may we hold on in this way. I wiſh the God of life and love, may take you near to himſelf, and fill your ſoul, from his communicable fulneſs, with light, life, and love; until you are ſatisfied with favour, and full with the bleſſing of the Lord.

O that my ſoul was as wide as his mercies are to me! and boundleſs as his benefits! filled, yea, over-filled, with gratitude, love and praiſe! Yet this would be too ſmall an offering to ſo bountiful a benefactor! I cannot tell how good God is, to unworthy me. —Methinks the tongue of an Angel would faulter here! O, why then doth this burden of clay reſtrain the grateful emotion which riſes in my ſoul, and groans for vent!

O my dear, why did the moſt high God love me! and love me againſt my own ſtubborn rebellious will? Why, O why, doth he now ſtand by me, when Satan is ready to ſwallow me up; defeat all his rage, and change every fear of my ſoul into triumph! I have had a ſmart conflict, but Chriſt, hath fought my battle for me; my dear, dear Redeemer, hath appeared for me! Say, ſhall I not magnify his name? O, that I could! How little have I ever ſaid of him! What low thoughts do I entertain of him! Help me, help me, O my friend; He is your Redeemer too!—How glorious doth he appear, in wiſdom, love, and power, yea in every perfection! Worthy, infinitely worthy, our higheſt truſt and confidence, and well deſerving our beſt obedience! I never truſted him in vain!—O, what has my Saviour done for me! But O, what is He in himſelf! With wonder I view the wiſdom and goodneſs of God, manifeſted towards vile me! O, what condeſcenſion, what ſovereignty is diſplayed herein! I believe Satan was never more vigilant, (at leaſt it ſeems ſo to me) to procure my ruin, than now; and never, did God appear to me, more engaged for my ſalvation and peace, yea joy and triumph. O, what ſhall I render to this God! How ſhall I manifeſt my

gratitude to my Saviour! O that I could join the hallelujahs above, and aſcribe, glory and honour to God, and to the Lamb!

P. S. You will excuſe this broken letter. I was ſo ſwallowed up with the love of God, when I wrote the former part of it, that it was impoſſible to confine my thoughts to the ſcribbles of my pen. You ſee what ſtammering work I make, when I ſtrive to expreſs infinite goodneſs, with a mortal hand. Bleſſed be God, ere long, the tongue of the ſtammerer ſhall ſpeak plainly!

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My Dear One,

My heart has been yearning towards you, ever ſince I ſaw you; and I have been longing, for another interview. I hope, my dear, I ſhall ſee you to-day. O, may the everlaſting, faithful Jehovah, ſupport and comfort you! Yea, and he will do it — He will not leave you comfortleſs, he will come unto you! Neither men, nor devils,

ſhall be able to ſeparate you from the love of God, which is in Chriſt Jeſus! "Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return." Boundleſs grace will triumph on earth, and be magnified in you to all eternity; notwithſtanding all the rage of earth and Hell.

God will be gracious, becauſe he will be gracious. He hath been ſo, and he will be ſo. He is a glorious Sovereign, and Satan cannot prevent the exerciſe of his adorable, free, boundleſs grace towards you, by all his malicious accuſations, or your real vileneſs! O rouſe up your faith, cling to Jehovah for protection, and hear your glorious Lord, ſaying to you, becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo! He will, in his own time, bring you off triumphant, over all the powers of the infernal pit!

O, how many victories hath he already given you! and will he now give his glory to another? No, he never will! Satan ſhall know, that you have an Almighty friend! But I muſt only ſay that I am,

Your ſympathizing, affectionate,

S. O.

LETTER XXV.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

Pray excuſe my not writing before.—Much of my time this week, hath been ſpent with other friends.

Surely it is very pleaſant to my ſoul, to ſee, and converſe with thoſe, whom I eſteem the excellent of the earth; yet even here, I cannot find complete ſatisfaction. No, alas, there is ſo many interruptions, ſo many breaks and pauſes, that however pleaſed I am with theſe enjoyments, yet I cannot ſay in the midſt of any, or all of them, here is full ſatisfaction, here I will reſt; no! they rather ſerve only to encreaſe my thirſt, and raiſe my deſire to an inſatiable height, after thoſe uninterrupted enjoyments above. There, we ſhall ſee our God, as he is! There, we ſhall converſe without fear or reſtraint forever. Not all the *ſuperior* finite ſpirits, ſhall check or damp the ſongs of the moſt *inferior*. Though ſome have greater glory, yet ſuch ſhall be the ſweet harmony of our Emmanuel's land, that all ſhall join, to aſcribe glory to God, and the Lamb!

Here below, I often find the face of a ſuperior Chriſtian, check my familiar converſe, and ſtrike me into ſilence! But *there*, even the tongue of the dumb, ſhall be looſed!—There, not even the open viſion of God, nor the company of thouſands, and ten thouſands of ſuperior ſaints and Angels, ſhall hinder, but rather embolden our ſong of praiſe!

Well, let us wait and hope till the bleſſed change ſhall come! Methinks the pleaſures of this lower world are as really weaning, as its troubles; and for myſelf, I think I can ſay, I am more weary of the joys and vanities, than of the ſorrows and afflictions of it: I have been made unſpeakably more deſirous of a releaſe from mortality, by the moſt deſireable enjoyments I have met with, than by any trials I have endured. Spiritual enjoyments would lead me to thirſt for full fruition, but temporal pleaſures, only tended to ſteal away the heart from God, ſo that both, would make me long for immortality!

I would bleſs God, for any revivals afforded you; O, that our God would yet delight to dwell in us! I pray God may ſanctify his rod to you, in your frequent bodily weakneſs; and even when ſenſible joys are abated, would ſtrengthen your faith, and

grant you all the bleſſings of the new, and everlaſting covenant!

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXVI.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

Dear S.

Daily encumbrances, neceſſary viſits, bodily indiſpoſition, and a backward heart, join to prevent my writing ſo ſeaſonably, and full, as I ſhould be glad to; however, I now in haſte will try to write a little.

And firſt I would tell you, that the late ſhock I have met with, has hitherto been bleſſed, for quickening me to greater diligence in making my calling and election ſure. O, I have cauſe with you to cry out, all God's ways are truth, and faithfulneſs!— O, how much wiſdom and goodneſs, hath he manifeſted, in his diſpenſations towards rebellious me! How often hath he recovered my wandering ſoul, and brought me nearer to himſelf; when I have been, in my own apprehenſion, on the very brink of ruin!

Sometimes he will visit me with affliction; he will take away the husband of my youth, and thereby cause me to fly to the Widow's God, and rejoice in him, as the best of husbands! At another time, he will take away a tender father, and enable me to acquiesce in his dispensation, and rejoice in him, as my father's God, as my God; and a father of the fatherless! Then he will remove an only brother, and thereby cause me more fully to know, what it is to be resigned to his will, and to adore his sovereignty!

Again, lest my heart should be joined to idols, he will have an only son! and show me at the same time, that he is better to me, than ten sons! Ah, than ten thousand sons, or all earthly enjoyments! Then, when my heart gets entangled with the world, full of plots and contrivances how I shall get this, or that; pay one and another, &c. God will utterly dash all my schemes; hedge up my way with thorns; cross all my endeavours; and bring me to the greatest extremity, that I may know assuredly, the work of my deliverance must be all his own. And when he hath subdued my stubborn will, brought me to leave all with him, to work in his own way; then he appears on the mount of difficulty, preserves his own honour, causes his

name and ways to be *well* spoken of, instead of *evil*, as I had feared, delivers me from all my fears, and makes me to rejoice in him. He inclines the hearts of all my friends, to minister to my comfort; smiles upon my endeavours, and makes me as cheerful and happy, as I can be in this *life!* But if my poor foolish heart abuses these mercies, grows cold and indifferent, and need be, I shall be in heaviness through manifold temptations. Corruption shall break out, Satan shall be let loose, and God will make his arrows sharp, as though I were his enemy! Thus it has been of late. Justly is he stiled, a wonder-working God!

It it sweet, my friend, thus to trace him in his foot-steps here; for surely he appears lovely and faithful. But O, what will it be, when we shall have a more full discovery in glory! When we shall see him, as he is! Oh, eternity shall then assist our praises!

You ask, if I ever find such substantial joy, as when my whole soul is devotedly fixed on God?—I answer, no! I have no idea of any happiness, compared to this! This is the utmost of my desires, to be made holy, as God is holy! To have his image, instamped on my soul, makes me happy here;

but oh, what ſhall I be, when I awake in his likeneſs! O, even from the *thoughts* of this, flow *rivers* of pleaſure!—But ſhall ſuch polluted worms as *we*, be brought to this? the enjoyment of a holy God! Let us ſtand and wonder—ſtand and adore our glorious Mediator, who hath purchaſed all theſe bleſſings for us, at the expenſe of his *own* moſt precious blood!—Here, I am loſt in admiration!

Yours, in the sweetest bonds,

S. O.

LETTER XXVII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O. written in the country.

My dear Madam,

I juſt ſit down to write you a haſty line, though perhaps I may ſee you, before this reaches you. I lodged near the water laſt night, to be ready this morning; but the wind being contrary, and likely to hold ſo, I returned to ——, which may perhaps prevent my being at the place, when the wind and tide ſuits; however, let the will of the Lord be done, and I ſubmit. Indeed, my dear friend, I have ſeen ſo much of the kind,

tender indulgence, of my heavenly Father, in this visit; that I hope I am, in some measure, willing he should have the entire disposal of it. I was brought to Mr. E——'s, at a time when his whole heart seems engaged in his Master's work; he is in labours more abundant.

Again, I was carried to Mr. F——'s, when it was with him, a time of great darkness, and sore perplexity!—Pressed beyond measure! Lord, what is duty? Here perhaps my soul hath felt the most tender, godly sympathy, I ever knew; a frame not wanting peculiar sweetness.—O pray, that God, who only can cause light, would give him to see, and be reconciled to the divine will; which evidently appears to be, his continuance here.

Religion is hopefully reviving here, especially under Mr. E——'s labours.

Yours, in the strongest bonds,

S. A.

LETTER XXVIII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My very dear Friend,

We much rejoiced, on Friday evening,

to receive the account from you, of God's gracious dealings with you, in carrying you in safety, to your journey's end. The Lord be praised, who gave his Angels charge concerning you; yea, was himself your protection! I trust your life and health, shall be still precious in his sight.

I rejoice every day that a kind providence hath carried you into the country; among those dear friends too! I need not tell you, how dear your presence is to me, yet I cheerfully deny myself for a season, hoping to enjoy you again, in God's time. I had rather think of your recruiting in Stonington, than decaying in Newport.

On our solemn day,* you had an affectionate remembrance, as often as we united. I trust God was with us, of a truth. I think our dear Mrs. P. was never more enlarged, than on that day; she was indeed a wrestling Jacob! O my dear, the time is hastening on, when, I trust, full fruition of our God, cessation from sin and sorrow, the enjoyment of each other, with all the Saints and Angels, shall complete our happiness, to all eternity!

* A Fast kept by the Female Society.

O bleſſed be God for Jeſus Chriſt, and for hopes of glory through him!

Yours, affectionately,

S O.

LETTER XXIX.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O. written in Boston.

My very dear, dear Friend,

I have received two letters from you, which were very refreſhing to me. It is with great pleaſure and delight, that I read the lines of my own dear, boſom Chriſtian friend; one whom God hath made precious beyond expreſſion to my ſoul, and to whom I can write, without reſtraint or fear. I will then, in compliance with your requeſt, acquaint you with my ſpiritual affairs.

You knew ſome of my fears, though no one could fully know all the diſtreſſing thoughts I had, reſpecting this journey. But now I will tell you, I know that Jehovah is a praying-hearing God! Praiſe him, O ye his ſaints!

I have a chamber to myſelf, with a retired cloſet, in which are a number of good books,

this Mrs. D. devoted to me; and told me, as soon as I arrived there, that I might be retired whenever I pleased. I said in my soul, this is the Lord's doing, may it ever be marvellous in my eyes! I seem to be at home, and am seldom interrupted.

O my dear, who that knows Jehovah's name, would not put their trust in him!—He hath dispersed all my fears and crowned me with loving-kindness, and tender mercies! I dare not say, I have no sense of his mercies; yet I must say, it is amazing, that a reasonable soul can know, that it receives so much, from a Being, to whom it has forfeited every mercy, and from whom it deserves nothing but wrath, even to the uttermost, and yet feel so little divine love and gratitude!

O my dull, stupid, barren soul! Can I be born of God? That dear God, who is love;—that God, who daily manifests himself to me to be love, and yet I love him no more! Say my friend, can it be? Shall I dare claim so near a relation, and act so contrary! Dare I claim union to a holy God, who am so unholy! And yet, through free, sovereign grace, I trust I may, and do! O blessed be God, for Jesus Christ; he is my hope, my everlasting refuge! This is my friend; and

I can be at home, in Boſton, with this conſolation, as well as in Newport.—I truſt I am not come here, without my covenant God and Father, my dear Redeemer and friend! What more then have I to wiſh!

I have long ſince endeavoured, ſo to treaſure up my happineſs in God, as that I might be happy *only* in him, and *always* in him! And now, my ſoul ſaith, it is enough! I enjoy many comforts, but *here*, is my only real, fixed portion, delight and joy, and here I would reſt forever!

Your unworthy, affectionate,

S. A.

LETTER XXX.

From the same, to Mrs. O. written in Stonington.

My very dear Mrs. O.

I am longing to hear from you, and the reſt of my Newport friends. I arrived here comfortably, and am in agreeable circumſtances. Verily God is good to the evil and unthankful. O my dear, covenant love and faithfulneſs follows me, wherever I go, or reſt! I enjoy every comfort of life; but

God knows these, without his presence, cannot make me happy. I have tokens of his his presence, I trust; but my old companion, a wicked heart, attends me still.

The first Sabbath, I was admitted to the privilege of God's house, and sat at the dear Redeemer's table; had a good Sabbath.

Since I wrote the above, I have received the packet from Newport. I rejoice to hear from you all. I thank you for your expressions of affection!—O, whence is it, that such a nothing worm, such a dead dog as I am, should have such regard shewed me, both here, and there, who deserve to be hissed out out of the world, for my baseness, and vile ingratitude.

I do indeed, my dear, appear to be the vilest wretch, in the creation! You, and all who know me, my own conscience, God, and Angels, can witness against me. What hath God done for me, and how low have been, and still are, my returns!—I am this moment melted down, and confounded; inexpressibly abased and ashamed, under a just, though *inadequate* view, of my amazing wretchedness and vileness, before a holy, gracious, infinitely amiable God! But I cannot promise you, or myself, that another

moment, perhaps the next, I may not imagine myſelf worthy of a thouſand times more love, eſteem and regard, than ever a blind world hath paid to my merit; and be diſſatisfied, becauſe God himſelf does not ſet aſide his own infinitely wiſe determinations, to gratify my humour! All things have gone well with me here, ſo I do not complain, but God knows what a fruitleſs, barren heath, I am!

O my friend, what other way, could ſuch a one as I, ever be ſaved in, but the goſpel way of ſalvation, by Chriſt? That ſure foundation, laid in Zion! Without money, and without price! Without ſtrength without beauty, or any recommending qualification! Free pardon, full atonement, wiſdom, righteouſneſs, ſanctification, and redemption; and by this power and authority, "*I will*," and "*you ſhall!*"

I am ſure there is no poſſibility of ſalvation, for me, in any other way, and bleſſed be God I can ſay, I deſire none but this! Bleſſed be God, for Jeſus Chriſt! Bleſſed be God, for the covenant of his grace, well-ordered in all things, and ſure; here is all my ſalvation, and all my deſire. The Anchor-ground is ſure; let faith but faſten here,

and we ſhall ride out all the ſtorm, and get ſafe into port at laſt, even the haven of everlaſting reſt! There, our blindneſs, ſtupidity and ingratitude, ſhall be no more! Our inbred luſts, thoſe helliſh legions, ſhall no more terrify or pollute our ſouls; but the transforming viſion, and fruition of God, through the one Mediator, Chriſt Jeſus, ſhall forever complete our happineſs and joy!—O my dear friend, ſhall we not be animated hereby, to gird up our loins, purſue our work, and wait for the ſalvation of God!

O my dear, my boſom-friend, I feel my love to you to be without diſſimulation, therefore wiſh you the ſame ſtrength and conſolation, with my own ſoul. O, may our higheſt ambition be, to join hand in hand, to promote the cauſe and intereſt of our infinitely worthy Redeeemer. May your *ten* talents, and my *one*, as I truſt they have been, ſtill be improved for God! What, but the glory of God, the honor of the Redeemer, our own and others conformity to, and enjoyment of him, can become us, as dedicated creatures, bound by every poſſible obligation, to be the Lord's! What is he not in himſelf, that is not truly lovely? And what has he not done for us, that could be worthy of a God, in a

way of mercy, for such fallen, depraved creatures!

O for such a steady, unshaken faith, in that God, who hath condescended to give such declarations of his boundless grace, in Christ Jesus, that the exceeding riches of it, might be displayed, and eternally magnified, to the praise of his great name.—O, that we may evidence to the world, that we believe, what we profess.—That God is such a Being, as he hath revealed himself to be.—That he is a good Master, and we have not been deceived! But I must close.

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXXI.

From Miss S. A. to a Minister,—written in the younger part of her Life.

Rev. Sir,

Perhaps you may think it strange, that I should address you by my pen, when I may have such uninterrupted opportunities, for conversation. But I am so unhappy, as not to be able always, on every subject, to use

that freedom with my ſuperiors, which the caſe requires; eſpecially when we do not both ſee alike. But now Sir, I beg you to allow me an intire freedom, while I lay aſide all objections, againſt writing to one, ſo much above me. I know your good ſenſe, learning and judgment, may ſee a thouſand faults; but I rely on your candour, and will not fear any ſevere remarks. The converſation I had with you, reſpecting the duty I owe to my body, has put me upon writing.

It is one of the moſt preſſing concerns of my life, to know what regard is to be paid to my health? I know ſelf-preſervation is a great duty; and ſhould I laviſh away my ſtrength, and deſtroy my life; God might retort on me, "Who hath required this, at thy hand?" I know, he is not a God who delighteth in robbery, for ſacrifice; and I may not diſpenſe with one precept, more fully to comply with another. Here, I often ſtumble.—I would, by all means, be tender of my life and health, as a talent that God hath intruſted me with, and for which I am accountable to him; and ſhould I abuſe it, (although in his ſervice) it would be moſt diſpleaſing in his ſight! Yet I find my wicked heart ſo much inclined, ſecretly and inſenſibly to take advantage of the perſuaſions

of my friends, to spare myself; joined with the natural love, which all have to the body, especially when under pain and disorders; till I fear few, and short engagements are most agreeable. Should this grow into habitual, self-indulgence; a sin which is wove into our natures, what should I do, but destroy the very life of my soul!

I should lose the light of God's countenance, communion with him, and access to him; peace of conscience, increase of grace, and expose myself to injure the declarative glory of God, which is concerned in Christians living near to him! I should show, that I loved life and health, better than Christ, and so was not worthy of him! Yea I should merit that curse, which is pronounced on him, who "doeth the work of the Lord negligently!" I know, that when I sought the Lord, with my whole soul, I did sensibly derive strength from him! Oh, I tremble at the thought of giving further advantage, to my slothful, backward heart; it is like throwing up the reins! God did never countenance my sloth; no, his method hath been, to make me follow *hard* after him!

Oh, Sir, I am distressed, I must act contrary to what appears to be my duty, as well as

that which is my greateſt privilege, if I abate, or do not rather increaſe my vigilance, in the ways of religion. Yet when I hear thoſe, who are eminent in grace, and whoſe ardent deſire is, that God may be loved and ſerved more, and better; when *these* argue againſt me, I am covered with ignorance and darkneſs, and am afraid to truſt my own wicked heart. Oh, that God would direct me.

I eſteem it not only my duty, but my moſt happy privilege, to contemplate and enjoy a Being, who is his own infinite delight! This is all that makes life deſirable, or preferable to death! When God is pleaſed to make any diſcoveries of theſe things to me; my ſoul even breaks, with intenſe and ardent longing, for the open viſion, and full fruition of God; and I know not how, to bear this diſtance! But, in the mean time, ſtrive after, and purſue, the higheſt degree of holineſs, attainable in this life! Nor can I ſee, how it is poſſible, for a ſoul, in the lively enjoyment of divine views, to indulge a ſlothful, indolent temper of mind! If I am not totally ignorant, of all that belongs to the ſpirit and life, of a Chriſtian, I think it impoſſible, in the exerciſe of faith and love; and under a deep and ſolemn impreſſion of divine, infinite, eternal realities; the vaſt

importance of ſoul-concerns, &c. ſo far, to let love of eaſe, and bodily comfort prevail; as not to purſue thoſe things with reſtleſs ardour! Should I act in this manner, I muſt give up all my pretenſions to any thing above, or beyond nature.

I wiſh my dear Chriſtian friends may never know, by experience, what an exerciſe it is to the ſoul, when it hath gained ſome life and warmth in duty, and would gladly have theſe things fixed and abiding on their minds; then to be obliged, through weakneſs of body, to relax, and give over the eager purſuit. O, how diſtreſſing!—And muſt I then make myſelf moſt unhappy, and wretched? Deprive myſelf of all I count worthy my being, only to reſt a poor, frail body, that perhaps will laſt but a very ſhort time after all? Oh, ſhall I not debaſe my nature, and render my being as unworthy as I am capable of doing!

I know you do not deſire, that I ſhould intirely refrain from religious exerciſes, internal nor external; bnt I cannot be reconciled, even to a *partial* remiſſneſs, it may ſoon become total!

I beg, Sir, you would pray for me, that I

be directed, in the way of duty.—And believe that I am,

With great respect,
Your sincere Friend,
S. A.

LETTER XXXII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My dear Mrs. O.

I want a line from you, yet I cannot forbear writing to you. Satan would fain of late, have taken away all my glory and confidence. He seemed to fight, neither with great nor small, but with the King of Israel only! His darts were directed, against the great Redeemer. Surely my confidence in Christ Jesus, excites the rage of Satan. I find on every occasion, he is set on destroying this; he knows my strongest defence is here!

Could Satan once undermine this confidence, and make me question my security through Christ, he thinks he should then have gained the day; then have gotten possession of the strongest fort, and would expect the rest soon to surrender! Thus I must fall a prey

to his fury, this I am satisfied he is aiming at; here I find his wrath levelled.—When a sense of the worth of an immortal soul, and of the holiness and justice of God, prevails in my mind, then Satan would persuade me, that there is not sufficient security in Christ, to venture so precious a soul upon; that it will not do, to venture the wrath of an infinite Being, on an unseen Mediator; with a thousand other suggestions of the same nature.--But, blessed be God, it is to little purpose.

Blessed be God, who hath not left me ignorant of the devices of Satan; and though he may strive to bruise Christ's heel, by disturbing one of the meanest of his members, yet, I know, my all-sufficient Redeemer, will break his head.—The darts are thrown at Christ and therefore I put it upon *him*, to fight his own battles; resolving I will not quit my hold; for, even by this conflict, Jesus appears more worthy of my strongest confidence, yea infinitely precious to my soul! I find it best, to reject these suggestions with abhorrence, and renew my flight to Christ; resolving, come life, come death, I will not quit my Saviour; since neither earth, nor hell, has been able to discover any way of salvation worthy my trust. Nor have

any, or all the ſubtileſt wits, been able to confute the goſpel plan of ſalvation. It is ſo juſt,—ſo reaſonable,—ſo worthy of God, and ſo ſafe for man,—that, if I periſh, I would periſh relying hereupon. Here I reſolve to reſt ſecure, on the terms, which the glorious God, hath propounded in the goſpel. Here is ſufficient foundation, for my truſt.

I can but periſh: and if I do, no blame to Satan, it is my own voluntary choice; I venture my ruin, and will perſiſt in the ſtead-faſt belief, of complete ſalvation, through faith in Chriſt Jeſus.—Had I a thouſand ſouls, I would venture them all here; and in this choſen Redeemer, would I triumph, and glory forever! O my dear, what ſhould we have done? had it not been for this God-man Mediator! Well, let Satan rage; I truſt it ſhall but wake up my faith and love, and ſtrengthen my confidence. Bleſſed be this glorious Saviour, who is now ſaving me, and bruiſing my enemy with the very dart he flung at me! O, infinite wiſdom! O, eternal goodneſs! This is my Redeemer, mighty to ſave! O how ſafe, how ſecure are thoſe, who have a faithful God and Saviour, engaged for them! And is this *our* happy lot, my friend?—Then let us walk worthy of God, unto all well-pleaſing. Can

we bear to ſin, againſt ſo good a God!—Our covenant God and Father, with whom we hope, ere long, to dwell; who hath cauſed all his goodneſs, to paſs before us! May we not write, on all the different diſpenſations of his Providence towards us, mercy and truth, goodneſs and faithfulneſs? Surely we may look back, and view his tender care of us. How often hath he calmed our fears, pardoned our ſins, and reſtored comforts to our ſouls. When we have looked-for the ſcourges of an angry God, we have had the ſmiles of a tender father!

Can we forget, ſuch love as this? Can we be ſo vile? But, ah! theſe baſe, theſe wretched ſouls of ours, need infinite forbearance, or they had long ago been paſt all recovery! But, ſuch is our God, and ſuch are we! He knows our frailty, and is ready to pardon; yea he delighteth in ſhowing mercy, through his dear Son; our only hope, our only refuge, our only way of acceſs, to the Father! O, let us make great uſe, of our Redeemer, in our Chriſtian courſe.—This is moſt pleaſing to God; it does honour to all the divine attributes, wiſdom, goodneſs, juſtice, truth, and holineſs; yea, we cannot honour God more, than in making conſtant application to Chriſt, and owning

him, as our only Lord and Saviour.—But I muſt have done.

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My very dear Friend,

I rejoice to hear of your ſafe arrival, and comfortable circumſtances. O may God abundantly refreſh you, in body and in ſoul! —May my three dear friends, return laden, with the fruits of Canaan; and give us, who are yet in the wilderneſs, ſome ſweet, animating proofs, of the good things with which Emmanuel's land abounds!* O, to know that God yet dwells with man on earth, by the communications of his ſpirit and grace, with his word, how reviving!

Never was I more in the dark, reſpecting the deſigns and purpoſes of God, concerning *us!* When I look back, upon that unwearied importunity, which I truſt, God has excited, and that encouragement I thought he did give; I am ready to conclude, with good

* Mrs. Oſborn, and two more of Miſs A.'s Friends, were at Long-Iſland, on a viſit, where there was a great revival of Religion.

Mr. Elliott, that "these dark times, are the womb of a bright morning!" But when I consider *present* Providences, and appearances, I am ready to say, Surely all these things are against us. My hasty wishes have been long catching at this, or that, mean or appearance, to be the cloud big with a heavenly shower; but instead of light, there is darkness! Yet, just are all thy ways, O THOU, King of Saints!—You know, my friend, the Providences, which have appeared filled with great events, both of a terrible, and comfortable aspect, have passed over, without being unfolded to us! Yet I will speak for our God, although we have not had what we desired and hoped; neither have we yet, had that, which we feared, and deserved! How surprizingly hath God overruled, in threatening dangers; and said to the tempestuous billows, be still!

Mr. Buell's letter to the Deacon, with a passage out of Mr. S's, have been like cold water, to a thirsty soul; and the most animating to my hopes, of any thing I have seen of late. Hath God excited the seed of Jacob to seek his face, for *us?*—And shall it be in vain? Will not God show, that he is a God hearing prayer? Will he deny himself, to correct us? Surely not!

I was brought into anxiety for you, on hearing of the violence of the ſtorm; but have been relieved, by caſting my care on God! That I have a throne of grace to go to, is my comfort; and I begin to think, that I muſt thankfully, and ſubmiſſively accept of theſe refreſhing ſeaſons, as my delightful repaſt through this wilderneſs; while conflicts within, and diſappointments reſpecting Zion, are without, and abide me! O my dear, hope deferred, hath made my heart ſick, ſick unto death!

O, if we may eſcape with our lives, and the honour of our Lord be unſullied by us, amidſt all the dangers and ſore temptations of this ſtate,—ſurely the great Captain of our ſalvation, ſhall forever be admired and adored, and we ſhall ſhout forth ſovereign grace, in the higheſt ſtrains! As to preſent dark appearances, this muſt be our reſolution,—We will wait on the Lord, who hideth his face from the houſe of Jacob, and *hope* in him too! I hope to ſee you come home, ſtrong in faith, giving glory to God.—May I be aſhamed of all my unworthy, deſponding thoughts, of my ever-bleſſed, ever-faithful, gracious God—Aſhamed I am; but O for a better temper of ſoul, that the murmurer, may learn doctrine; and ſhe who erred

in ſpirit, may come to underſtand. There is a ſecret hope among ſome of us, that the Reverend Mr. Buell, will come with you.—O may our all-glorious Jeſus ever delight to honour him, in his work; and may he yet, have ſome fruits among *us*, that ſhall abound to the glory of God!

My dear, cannot you engage ſome dear, praying ſouls, to meet us, at ſome appointed ſeaſon, to beſiege the throne of grace, for poor *Rhode-Island!*

Yours, &c.

S. A.

LETTER XXXIV.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My dear Friend,

Your kind letter, warm with love and zeal, had I no regard to religion, my reaſon and judgment muſt approve of; much more, when religion puts in, ſo high a claim!

I have nothing to *ſay* againſt your arguments, nor dare I *determine* againſt them in my practice; yet, I think I never felt ſuch ſenſible backwardneſs, to any exerciſe of a religious nature in my life, as I do to writing

of letters. Whatever turn of mind I once had for it, which might render it a duty then, seems now absent. I am now, much more inclined to get disengaged from all the world —and want more to feel, and know, the substantial realities of vital religion. O, if the most kind, and gracious God, would take me near to himself, lead me into a greater knowledge of his covenant, and the blessings thereof, it is all I want!

I find a disaffection for creature converse, I long to know more of the hidden life of a Christian.—My soul is reaching after more solid—pure, and self-abasing, discoveries of God; and the truths of the gospel. My main business; yea all my work seems to lie, between God and my own soul; to know more of both, is of the utmost importance! —And while this work presseth on me, I can by no means pursue another. Let me, O, let me, forget and neglect, all but God, and the truths of the gospel! Here, my friend, let me fix; and then, if Providence calls, I hope I shall obey. I once thought, I should not write any more; but I rather think, if God assist and influence, I shall.

I thank you for your letter, it deserves my grateful acknowledgments. Pray for me;

O pray that my soul may feel the powerful influences of the Holy Spirit, bringing me into an entire conformity to God—a more spiritual, holy disposition of soul, refined from all dross and corruption!

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XXXV.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A. who was then in Boston.

My dear S.

On Friday last, I received your first letter, I was sincerely glad of it; but have not time now, to enlarge in answering it. I can only say, I rejoice in all the goodness of God to you, and wish you, always to put your trust and confidence in him, for whom I can witness, that he is always faithful to his promises; and infinitely worthy our highest praise, and adoration!

O, bless God for me; for verily I think he never made more frequent, and glorious discoveries, of his amiable perfections, than of late.—Nor did I ever rejoice, more steadily, in the glorious, God-man Mediator; who is all, and in all!

O my dear, let us renew our flight to him, clasp him in the arms of our faith, and dedicate our all unto him! And O, how safe, is what we commit unto him!—Safe indeed: For he hath infinite power; and will surely keep, what is deposited in his hands, both in life, and death!

In the belief of this, I determine to set out on the morrow, to visit my mother; there, I expect to meet the Rev. Mr. F——, who will conduct me to his house.

Providence hath seemed to favour my going, by many concurring circumstances.—Yet I have been seriously concerned to know, if I am in the path of duty;—especially as I have heard, that it is very sickly there. Had I known this before I fixed my plan, I should have deferred my journey for the present;—for it is my opinion, that we ought neither to run *from*, nor *into* sickness, unless we are especially called, in Providence.

I know, however, that what God hath in infinite wisdom designed for me, shall be accomplished. Be it sickness or death, it will certainly seize me. If death is determined for me now; I trust, through the merits of the dear Mediator, I shall be admitted into the open vision, and full fruition of my God!

—For bleſſed be our Emmanuel, it is his will, that all thoſe, whom the Father hath given him, may be with him, to behold his glory.

Then, farewell ſin, and ſorrow.—Farewell, vain and deluding world.—Farewell, forever!

But if God deſigns to hold me longer in life, it is as eaſy for him to preſerve me *there*, as *here*; therefore with him I leave it, for he doth all things well! Bleſſed be his name, vile and defpicable as I am, yet through the riches of ſovereign grace, I am his own; let him do, as ſeemeth him good!

Yours,

S. O.

LETTER XXXVI.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

Yours I received, and what ſhall I ſay? Theſe are the ſad complaints which we ſhall ever make, while we live in this wretched world, and have this more wretched heart to deal with.—Ten thouſand interruptions

await us, in the way of duty. This shall never be the place of our rest :—It is the fixed law of God, that Christ alone shall be the *rest* of his people. Let us then fly from all things here below, to him who is the centre of our souls.—Let us for help, against our own vile hearts, fly to him, where help is only to be found. We can never make our hearts better.—We may labour and strive all our days, and weary out our souls, but shall not gain any thing, unless Jesus appears for us; and then, we shall be victorious.

I know your complaints, I feel your burdens, and would help you, if I could; but, alas, if I were to try, you might well reply, Physician heal thyself! I am daily groaning under the burden of a hard heart—stubborn will—a depraved and ungrateful soul—have to encounter a vain, alluring world—a subtle, malicious foe, who is seeking to destroy me;—yet, blessed be God, I trust, more and mightier are they who are with me, than those that are against me. O let us glory, in our Almighty Redeemer! Have we not listed under Jesus? Is not he the Captain of our Salvation? Then let him command, and let us obey.

We are not called, to *man* the army; nor

to furniſh ourſelves for the warfare; but only to make uſe of the armour, which Jeſus provides for us. O my friend, what ſhould we do, without this all-glorious Redeemer.—Methinks I ſhould lie down in eternal deſpair, and everlaſting horror, were it not for him! O, how ſweet is this dear Saviour, to my weary, burdened ſoul! O, ſhall we droop and faint, who have ſuch an Almighty prop! Let thoſe faint and be diſcouraged, who have no better ſtrength than their own; but let us, magnify our Redeemer, by a conſtant—reſolute—confidence and dependance on him.

We can never make too great uſe of him, in our Chriſtian courſe; yea, we are undone, except we lean on him;—for we are by no means a match, for thoſe mighty legions of enemies, who are ſeeking our deſtruction.

Yours, in the strongest bonds,

S. A.

LETTER XXXVII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear S.

What is the peculiar cauſe of that dejec-

tion, which appeared in you yeſterday? Is it the trials and temptations which your dear, aged parent, is paſſing through, which affects you? The Lord ſupport you, and make you an inſtrument in his hand, to ſupport and comfort her. God is not a man, that he ſhould lie; though Satan, and our unbelief, dare call his word in queſtion. O that our God would appear for our help; put Satan to flight, and cauſe us to put our truſt in him! O my dear, reſolutely go on, caſting your dear mother, on the faithfulneſs of that God, who hath ſaid; He will never leave, nor forſake thoſe, who truſt in him. Hath he not been the guide of her youth, and the ſtaff of her age?—Her tried friend, in all circumſtances in life?—Enabled her to give evidence of the reality of her Religion;—ſo that you have had no reaſon to doubt of her intereſt in Chriſt.—Has ſhe not been kept, by the mighty power of God, all her days? —She ſhall ſtill be kept; Chriſt will not deliver her into the hands of Satan now; no, he is able to keep what ſhe hath committed into his hands, and to preſent her faultleſs, clothed with his righteouſneſs, and redeemed by his precious blood. The Lord be with you my dear, ſtrengthen you in body and in ſoul, till he take you to behold his glory;—

where ſin and ſorrow ſhall ceaſe forever, and God himſelf ſhall wipe all tears from your eyes!

Your ſympathizing,

S. O.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My dear Madam,

I hope before this time, the joy of the Lord is your ſtrength—and that you are now ſpeaking highly, and honorably of him, knowing in whom you have believed—that he is the faithful, covenant-keeping God—infinite in patience and forbearance—boundleſs in his grace—forgiving iniquity, tranſgreſſion and ſin! I hope you are triumphing, in the complete atonement, made by Chriſt Jeſus; and exulting in that glorious righteouſneſs, which he hath wrought out, and brought in!

Surely here, is all our ſalvation; and here, hath been all our refuge, hope, and confidence, in our higheſt conſolations, and deepeſt abaſement. O my dear, what but this hope, hath preſerved you or me, from ſinking; when wave after wave, and billow on billow,

hath gone over our heads! What but this, hath preſerved and ſupported, all the generation of God's children, that have gone before us? and *this*, ſhall preſerve thoſe who follow after; and *we*, vile as we are, ſhall witneſs to the truth and faithfulneſs of Jehovah.—Take courage, my dear friend, God will not loſe, what he hath wrought for, and in us;—the prey, ſhall not be taken from our Almighty Redeemer:—fear not—the Lion of the tribe of Judah, ſhall prevail, and be victorious! What enemies have you and I to encounter, but ſuch as have been conquered for us, by the great Captain of our ſalvation. Alas for me, it is my ignorance of, and unlikeneſs to the Conqueror, that is my miſery and bane!—I bluſh and am aſhamed, while I write of the perfections of God,—his boundleſs grace—the completeneſs and immutability of his covenant—my hope in God—and the ground of hope; and yet, that I ſhould be ſo little affected with, or influenced by it!

I ſeem to be like a perſon in a lethargy, ſometimes a little arouſed,—open my eyes,—behold a glorious ſtructure,—all-complete!—all-perfect,—ſurrounded with an infinite variety.—A world of wonders open to my view,—all important; but my weak ſight is ſoon

confounded, and my ideas confuſed, through the power of the deceaſe! O, this painful indolence and ſtupefaction! I feel myſelf moſt wretched, yet cannot ſhake off this ſloth! Alas, I find, that neither time—nor place—nor circumſtances, will do it.—Nothing, but the healing hand of my Almighty phyſician, will cure the diſeaſe of ſin!

I find, though abſent, yet we travel along together; ſometimes up, and ſometimes down.—Well, there is nothing better for us, than ſubmiſſion to our all-wiſe Conductor.

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER XXXIX.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O. when her only Child lay on his death-bed, out of the town.

My dear Friend,

I am deeply affected with your affliction, and tenderly ſympathize with you in your ſorrow. Methinks I could be willing to put my ſhoulder to yours, and bear part of the burthen, yea the whole of it, rather than you ſhould be cruſhed under it! But what ſhall

I ſay? Has your God and Father put this cup into your hand? Then drink it, my dear, with ſubmiſſion, love, and fear;—forget the cup, while you behold the hand which gives it to you. It is not from my hand; no, nor from the neareſt friend on earth; if ſo, you might fear ſome poiſon with the gall. —O that I could tell you, or rather that God would ſhow you, from whoſe hand it is. Is it not from the hand of your God and Father—your Redeemer—Saviour—head, and huſband—and hath he not ſaid, you are as the apple of his eye—and will he hurt that? No! Surely, he will not! O, ariſe, and by faith caſt your child upon Chriſt—tell him he is your only ſon, and you want a pardon for him;—and will not he, who is an inexhauſtible fountain,—a boundleſs ocean of infinite fullneſs, be as ready to pity the *ſoul* of your ſon, as he was to pity the *bodies* of thoſe who came to him for healing, in the days of his fleſh? Verily the promiſes are to believers, and their children.

But, however, God may deal with you, as to giving comfortable evidence of his being born again Study and ſeek, a reſigned will. O do not fall out, with your Father! Kiſs the hand, though it have a rod in it—it is

the hand of *your* God ſtill.* O my dear, you and I may, yea muſt love him, becauſe he is a *Sovereign* God! Set your King on his holy hill, Zion—and not only *ſuffer*, but *entreat* him to be ſovereign ſtill. And now, my dear, once and again I commit you and yours, both living and dying, into the hands of the Father of Mercies, the God and Father of our Lord Jeſus Chriſt! Bury not living mercies with dead ſorrows, but ſtill adore your God in adverſity! If your child yet lives, tell him from me, not to delay one moment longer, but fly to the bleſſed Jeſus!—Tell him I have prayed, and by God's leave that I will ſtill pray for him; and I beg he would pray for himſelf.—And now farewell, my friend; bleſs the Lord, for he is good.—I long to ſee you, but muſt ſay, "Father, thy will be done!"

Yours,

S. A.

* Mrs. Oſborn's exerciſes, under this trial, were truly ſublime, an account of which, is given in *her life, published by Doctor Hopkins.*

LETTER XL.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

By *reflecting* on Mr. ——'s ſermon, I think I am better able to anſwer your queſtion, than when you aſked it, viz. "What good I got by that ſermon?"

I cannot thank the miniſter, nor the ſermon, for any good obtained thereby, and therefore I will aſcribe the more to God.—Perhaps, if the *truth* had been preached, I might have been ready to give that praiſe to the preacher, which was due only to God; but I am now free from this ſnare, for I cannot think it had any direct tendency, to honor God, or do good to men.

I cannot ſee how the divine perfections are glorified; how the wiſdom of God is diſplayed in lowering the *Law*, in order to bring in the goſpel, and yet the conditions, "Do, and live," remain in full force! If ſalvation came by the law, then Chriſt is dead in vain; and what becomes of the juſtice, truth, and faithfulneſs, of God!—How are they glorified by this ſcheme of ſalvation, by the deeds of the law?

Bleſſed be God, I am renewedly eſtabliſhed in the firm belief of ſalvation, only through faith in Chriſt Jeſus.—A faith which unites to, reſteth on, and receiveth Chriſt, as a *whole* Saviour. A faith which purifies the heart, works by love, and influenceth the whole man, to a life of univerſal obedience.—Surely this muſt be moſt worthy of God, and moſt ſafe, for wretched, miſerable man—who is without ſtrength, or will, to help himſelf!

O, glory to God, for Jeſus Chriſt! In him I will glory forever!—Though the croſs of Chriſt be to the Jews a ſtumbling-block, and to the Greeks, fooliſhneſs; yet, to all thoſe who are ſaved, it was, is, and ever ſhall be, the power of God, and the wiſdom of God!

The ſcheme of ſalvation by the *law*, is hurtful to man, as it tends to draw him from Chriſt, the only hope of ſinners.—Settle the Formaliſt, on his lees—and bring *all*, to reſt ſhort, of a ſaving change of heart. If a bare *profeſſing* of Chriſt, is *coming* to him; how is the gate ſtrait, and the path narrow?—Forgive me, my dear, that I have filled my letter with ſuch cavils.—I hope, I ſhall never have the like occaſion. It is diſagreeable; yet I could not forbear.

I abhor a contradictory, censorious temper, I trust you know;—and I think I could bear any thing easier, than to have my dear, my ever-glorious Redeemer, set low, and degraded!—Well; he is still more precious to me, and I renew my flight to him.—If others can do without him, I cannot. O, glory to this dearest, God-man Mediator,—this sovereign God, who can bring light out of darkness—can establish my faith in Christ, by such a sermon, and cause me renewedly to renounce all hope in any other name.

Verily, I see such a display of the divine character and perfections, in the way of salvation by Jesus Christ; that I am assured, it must be of God! O, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom, and knowledge, of God! O, the infinite goodness, and love, of Jehovah!——Let *us*, my dear, show our love and gratitude to God, by making great use of this Saviour; and let us do it with a view, to the glory of God, and not merely, for our own ease!

We should certainly find more comfort and pleasure, by looking more to Christ; but we should seek the glory of God, even in *this*, rather than our own enjoyment.

Let us ſet the crown on the head of King Jeſus, ſaying, reign glorious Emmanuel!—*Reign* Almighty Redeemer, *display* thy glory—and cauſe thoſe, who ſee neither form nor comelineſs in thee, to cry out, "Thou art all fair, there is no ſpot in thee, the chief among ten thouſands, yea altogether lovely!"—And thoſe, who have ſuch faint views of thee, as I have, let them be even ſwallowed up, in the open viſion, and full fruition of thy glory!

O, let *me* ſee thy face; let me taſte thy love, O my God, my everlaſting all!—When, O, when ſhall I be with thee, where thou art, to behold thy glory!—To be changed into thy Image!—There it ſhall be the GLORY of our *glory*, to glorify and exalt thee! Till then, my ſoul can never be completely at reſt.—O, waft me, near thy ſeat; let me dwell but where I long to, and I ſhall be what thou wouldſt have me be, and what I wiſh to be! This I dare promiſe, yes, becauſe God hath promiſed it. There, O there, my exalted Redeemer, ſhall reign glorioufly, and none of the bleſſed inhabitants diſdain his regal ſceptre! There no diſcord will have place, for the redeemed of the Lord ſhall *all* ſing redeeming love, to all eternity!—O, methinks, I long to join their acclama-

mations, and extol Jesus the Saviour, before men and Angels!

God hath now, I trust, been showing me my utter inability, to do any thing, acceptable to him, of myself; and the necessity I am under, of constantly looking to Christ, for righteousness and strength!

Now is Christ precious; and I now long to yield a universal and perfect obedience, to all his commands;—for true faith doth not hinder, but promote obedience.

O let me now show this, by a more holy life, and conversation.

Your real friend,

S. A.

LETTER XLI.

From Mrs. O. to a particular friend.

My dearly beloved Friend,

Beautiful, through that comeliness, which God hath put on you, in Christ Jesus. —I rejoice, and glorify God on your behalf, for the great things he hath done in you, and for you. Surely God hath done great things

for you; although you are not brought to *triumph*, but are yet labouring under ſome diſcouragements. God will perfect his own work, and make you more than conqueror, through his grace.—He will build you up, and you ſhall have joy, in his own time.

March on, my dear, with courage; you have a glorious Captain, under whoſe banner you have now liſted.—You may depend upon his protection.—Chriſt Jeſus will never fail you, all the days of your life. Be ſtrong, and of good courage; Chriſt will cover your head, in the field of battle;—he will not leave you there, nor give you into the hand of your enemies; no, he never will deliver you up to their will. As he hath begun to ſave you; he will go on, till he hath put the hoſts of hell to flight. He will ſtrengthen your faith, and manifeſt himſelf to you, and at laſt take you, to behold his glory!

So prayeth your affectionate,

S. O.

LETTER XLII.

From Miss S. A. to the same person.

My dear Friend,

Be not troubled, or diſcouraged, though

you did not feel that ſenſible ſweetneſs and joy, which you deſired.

Perhaps, you made too great dependence, on ſenſible joy and manifeſtations; or might *limit* the Almighty, to that particular time; and God ſaw beſt to ſhow himſelf a *Sovereign*, and yet give you the beſt things—the moſt ſolid, durable, purifying, eſtabliſhing good!

When *I* firſt joined the church, I did not find that ſenſible raviſhment in the ordinance, which I had hoped for;—yet I was built up by it, and *afterwards* found great ſenſible comfort and communion, in my attendance thereon.

Bleſſed be God, often when I have had leaſt ſenſible joy, I have found real virtue and ſtrength, derived from Chriſt, through this medium. O, let our God take his own way—he will guide us by his counſel, and at laſt receive us to glory! "He will give grace, and glory; and no good thing, will he withhold, from thoſe that walk uprightly."—Thoſe who ſeek and ſerve him, in all the ways of his appointment, and whoſe deſire and dependence is on him alone, ſhall ſurely find his grace ſufficient for them.

I bleſs God, for the gracious aſſiſtance af-

forded you. May you be ſtrengthened, and refreſhed, more and more! O, may the God of all grace, and love in Jeſus Chriſt be glorified in, and by us! May *we*, who have put on Chriſt, not only by an outward profeſſion, but by an inward and ſpiritual union; walk worthy our high and holy vocation.—May we adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, and ſhow the world, that there is ſomething more, in true Religion, than a bare name.

Yes, there is a living, vital principle, productive of good works. Let us keep our eye fixed on Chriſt, not looking for that from ourſelves, which can only be derived from him, who is the head of all divine influence; and thus may we grow up, in him, unto perfection!

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER XLIII.

From Miss S. A. to the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, while he was preaching at Newport, on probation, and difficulties began to ariſe.

Reverend and kind Sir,

I was very ſenſibly ſtruck yeſterday, at

hearing you ſpeak of a ſpeedy remove from us! And the impreſſions are abiding; nor can I free myſelf from ſome degree of anxiety, on the occaſion.—Perhaps I have laid claim to more, than God has given me. I had reſted till of late, comfortably ſatisfied, that the great Head of the Church, would graciouſly *provide* for us; *who*, and *when*, I left with him to determine. But now I began to think, I might follow and fix.

I have often wondered, that my faith, in ſuch an important point, had not been more tried and ſhaken. But perhaps this is the time! however, I am not reconciled to your *speedy* departure; nor am I wholly diſmayed at the preſent embarraſſment of affairs. It often is the caſe, that when a wiſe, and good God, deſigns great, and ſpecial mercies, great difficulties lay in the way; and thereby his wiſdom, power, and grace, is more conſpicuous, in removing them.

Perhaps we have not prayed enough yet, for ſo great a mercy, as the re-eſtabliſhment of the goſpel among us. Wait, dear Sir, awhile longer, and God helping us, we will pray more frequently, more earneſtly; the difficulties ſhall by divine grace, urge us on. And if we obtain you of God, in a way of

faith and prayer, I am perſuaded it will be better, both for you, and us! For myſelf, I ſcarce ever received any ſignal mercy, but which was ſweetened, by the trials that went before it.

I know, Providence wants neither time, nor opportunity, to bring about its purpoſes; but I find it beſt for me, to let it have both; by a patient waiting, for the event. By divine aſſiſtance, we will make this a principal ſubject of our addreſſes, at the throne of grace, this afternoon*; urged by the moſt noble motives, the glory of our enthroned Redeemer, who is Head of his Church! You will join us, dear Sir, and be a helper of our faith and prayer, as well as of our joy.

May every poſſible bleſſing, from the inexhauſtible fountain of the Redeemer's fulneſs, attend you; and may your longer ſtay among us, and prayers for us, render you the richeſt bleſſing we ever enjoyed; and unſpeakably encreaſe your joy here, and crown of rejoicing hereafter!—Thus prayeth,

Your unworthy friend,

S. A.

* That afternoon was devoted to prayer, by the Female Society.

LETTER XLIV.

From Mrs. O. to the Rev. Mr. Hopkins, when he was preaching on Probation, *in Newport.*

My worthy, esteemed, and I had almoſt *said, Dear Paſtor,*

And O, that it might be the divine will, to permit me, to ſpeak it out! It is God alone, I know, that can bring it to paſs!—To him alone, then, I muſt go. It is he only that can take away the diſcouraging diſpoſition, of any who ſay, "We be not able:" "Thoſe againſt us, are ſtronger than we;" —They are men of great ſtature, even as giants; and we in our own ſight, are as graſshoppers, and ſo we are in their ſight!"

It is God alone, who can inſpire his people at this day, with the excellent ſpirit of a Caleb and a Joſhua, and enable them to ſay, *relying on him by faith*, "Let us ſettle at once and poſſeſs, for we are well able to overcome, and maintain; we being on the Lord's ſide, and he on ours!" O that God, for Chriſt's ſake, would thus *help us!* Help us, however few in number, however low in circumſtances, yet to determine by his grace, to exchange intereſts with him, *at once* reſolve to ſupport *his* goſpel, *his* truths, *his Miniſters*, let what will become of us; let *Chriſt see to that.*

O for such a temper of soul! How soon would the walls of the city fall, as the walls of Jericho, and we go in and possess; go in and out, and find pasture!

It is true, my dear Sir, I cannot assuredly know, what is in the womb of divine Providence, nor what better things God designs for *you*, while I am saying however, all these things are against *us!* I have nothing left to comfort me, in this situation, (if you are constrained to turn away from us) but abounding grace to the chief of sinners; and God's ability to glorify himself, and bring the greatest good, out of the greatest evil. But my heart rather trembles for fear of him, and I am afraid of his judgments; as we do appear to be ripening apace, for judgments.

Oh, Sir, if you do depart, shake not off the dust of your feet, for a testimony against us; but still, if permitted, lift up a cry for us! May the Lord God Almighty bless you, strengthen, establish and settle you, in his own way and work, until he take you into his bosom of eternal rest!

But stop, my pen! Hush my fears! Carry me no further now, in taking a farewell: for except God interpose and resign me, I shall

not be able to bear it! O, that I may have no will but God's! And who can tell, but it may yet be *his will*, to give me Mr. H. for my minister! Perhaps the great head of the church hath chosen him, and will yet make bare his arm, for his settlement, support and success, in poor Newport! With God all things are possible; in the mount of the Lord it shall be seen!

Who are men, to oppose infinite wisdom, Almighty power, mercy, love, and faithfulness! All hearts are in his hands; Devils are at his controul; and whatsoever he hath fore-ordained, *shall* come to pass. The Lord reigns, and not a sparrow falls, without his permission. Why should we fear? We that are in Christ, are of more worth than many sparrows: What can we do then, but commit the cause to the great head of the church, and say, "*the will of the Lord be done!*" If he does not interpose, in uniting the hearts of this people; it may be for wise and holy ends. Let us hear him saying, What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!

My dear Sir, you have this to comfort you, that you have taken every method, consistent with truth and a good conscience, to engage

and unite this people. I rejoice that you have this teſtimony, in your own conſcience, and in ours alſo. No one, I believe, charges you with any miſconduct. If you go, you leave a witneſs for God, and yourſelf, in our hearts. And oh, may God have all the glory! May God go on to draw forth your precious ſoul, in gratitude and thankful praiſe, the ſweet employment of heaven! By whatever means your joy and praiſe is excited, I will, God helping me, praiſe and rejoice with you, for herein God is glorified; he hath expreſsly ſaid, "Whoſo offereth praiſe, glorifieth me!" Oh, that I were more, in this delightful exerciſe, which ſeemed to ſwallow up your ſoul, when you wrote your laſt to me! Oh, how do the redeemed above exult!—Well, let us ſtill, dear Sir, amidſt all our ſorrows, bear a part with them; ſince our Redeemer lives, and hath told us, that, therefore, we ſhall live alſo!

If God is glorified, and we are accepted in the beloved; let us go on to praiſe him here below, till we aſcend to join the eternal hallelujahs above, and caſt down our crowns, at the Redeemer's feet, forever and ever. Amen, hallelujah! Hold out, faith and patience, a little longer; a few more ſtruggles, with ſin, Satan, and the world, and all ſhall

be well, to all eternity! How ſweet, in this view, is this word *Eternity!* When we ſhall be holy, as God is holy; pure, as God is pure; we ſhall love, and praiſe ETERNALLY!

But why, hath ſuch a wretch as I, this hope? Becauſe triumphant grace hath abounded, to the chief of ſinners! It is the wretched, the miſerable, helpleſs, and vile, Chriſt came to ſave; and ſuch an one, am I! I have fled to him, for refuge; and therefore ſhall not be confounded, or put to ſhame. Time fails, I can only return you a thouſand thanks, for all your friendſhip, and favours to,

Your ſincere Friend,

S. O.

LETTER XLV.

From Miss S. A. to a young friend.

My dear friend,

I am tenderly concerned for you, and have longed for an opportunity to converſe with you; but as I have not any proſpect of a good one, I have taken this method.

And in the firſt place, fix this on your

mind; that it comes from one, who moſt ſincerely loves you; and is dictated by a heart full of ſenſibility and concern, for your beſt good; and in ſome meaſure, impreſſed with a ſenſe of the vaſt importance, of your eternal ſalvation.

I tenderly feel for you, under your outward trials. I know they have been great, and very afflicting! But were I aſſured, that you had given yourſelf up to God, had taken *him* for your *portion*, and placed all your happineſs in him; though I ſhould feel a tender ſympathy, yet I ſhould have no cauſe for anxiety; becauſe I am aſſured, that ALL things ſhall work for good, to thoſe who love him.

But worldly ſorrow, worketh death! Let me then intreat you, not to indulge a repining ſpirit at the Providence of God, or any angry reſentment at the inſtruments of your ſorrow. But view the hand of God in it, and receive the inſtruction he offers you.—Let not your trials, overwhelm you with care and anxiety; for the world, and all things in it, are paſſing away, and will ſoon be gone from you, or you from them. O, do not let the cares, or the flatteries of this vain world, influence you to neglect the means of grace!

Indeed, my dear, I have had very painful feeling of late, on obſerving your great neglect of, and inattention to, the worſhip of God, in public. I have not ſaid any thing to you, reſpecting your religious ſentiments, while you attended at different places of worſhip; becauſe, I hoped, you would *examine* and *fix*. But now, I cannot be ſilent! It is, indeed, time for you to know, what you are!

Chriſtianity is ſomething real, and important; and every rational mind, ought to feel it ſo.

Enquire into its doctrines; embrace and fix on thoſe, which appear moſt agreeable to ſcripture, and ſolemnly attend on all its inſtitutions. Your great inattention to the houſe and ordinances of God, gives me inexpreſſible concern. I hope none of your friends, will hinder, or diſcourage you. But I know you are not likely, to have encouragement, from the family, where you live; who ſo wickedly neglect the houſe of God themſelves.—Remember your dear mother, who, though ſhe could not hear a word, yet would go, to ſet an example to her children. Do, my dear, let me intreat you, to give yourſelf time;—examine what religion is, and of what importance, to you;—reflect on your own conduct,

and ſee how you treat it! The great author of chriſtianity hath ſaid, "He that is not with me, is againſt me!"

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER XLVI.

From Miss S. A. to a friend just recovered from the small-pox, but who died *suddenly, immediately after.*

My dear Friend,

You have been much in my mind and heart, ſince I firſt heard of your having that diſtemper. My only refuge has been the throne of grace,—there I have carried you; and have begged recovering mercy for you. And now, my dear friend, what ſhall I next do, after a thankful acknowledgment of the divine goodneſs, in exciting and anſwering of prayer; but congratulate you, on your recovery, and preſs upon you, the great obligations you are under, to your divine benefactor and healer?—Hath he brought you to the gates of the grave, and from thence bid you return?—Hath he redeemed your life

from death, and ſhall it not now, be moſt ſolemnly devoted to his ſervice and glory?—Will not my friend now give up herſelf to God, and to his people; and by a more cloſe union to, and more conſtant aſſociating with them, ſhow on whoſe ſide, ſhe is?—Will not this ſtrengthen her, againſt the world, and its temptations?

It hath been with much concern, that I have viewed you for ſome time paſt, abſenting yourſelf from your Chriſtian friends; eſpecially at a time when temptations abound, and the ſtrongeſt and beſt, need every aſſiſtance and help, to keep them from being inſnared.—Chriſtian ſociety has been found, a very powerful help. Inſpiration hath told us, that "Two are better than one."

O my dear, though God hath ſo wonderfully ſpared your life, and recovered you from that dreadful diſtemper; yet death may be at the door, in ſome other way!—We are both in the decline of life. We have but a little while to live. What is all this world, but a vain bubble! What relief could it afford you, in your late danger and diſtreſs? Surely none!—O then, let the late experience you have had, cure you of all your worldly ſchemes and purſuits. Now, O now,

my dear friend, be entreated, to make the Lord your portion; lay up all your good, in him! Let communion with him, and his people, be your delightful enjoyment!

Thus far I wrote, but was obliged to ſtop, to attend on other duties; and the ſame evening, a ſudden death, cloſed the eyes, and finiſhed the probation ſtate, of my friend!—She is now beyond the reach of my pen, and needs not my advice! She knows more than I do, and feels more of the reality of eternal things!—One is taken, and another left! May I be ready, when Jehovah calls!

LETTER XLVII.

From Mrs. S. A. to a particular friend.

My dear Friend,

I omitted writing yeſterday, becauſe I had ſo much to ſay, and had ſo little time; and I find the ſame reaſon to-day; yet I cannot forbear, juſt intreating you, not to let any thing you have ſaid to me, give you the leaſt concern. I receive it moſt kindly. I think I know, all about ſuch exerciſes. Satan, and bodily diſorders, have a great hand in them.—They are a part of that warfare,

which God aſſigns his people; out of which, they ſhall come off more than conquerors, through the great and glorious Captain of Salvation! Theſe are ſome of the tribulations, through which thoſe, who would waſh their garments in the blood of the dear Lamb, muſt paſs; as a purifying furnace to purge away, as well as imbitter ſin. Hope in God, my dear, whoſe Almighty arm is able to ſupport and deliver.

Believe me to be, your most cordial, unreserved, devoted friend,

S. A.

LETTER XLVIII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear Friend,

I would gladly write you ſome ſuitable anſwer to your letter, but know not how to do it. I ſeem, in ſome ſenſe, to be like the enquiring, wandering, daughters of Jeruſalem, when the Spouſe was ſeeking her Beloved, *Cant.* v. 9.—"What is thy beloved, more than another beloved, O thou faireſt among women, that thou doſt ſo charge us?"

—Alas, I have loſt thoſe transforming views of his glorious perfections, which ſo animate and inflame your ſoul; and the language of my *practice* is, there is no form nor comelineſs in him, wherefore I ſhould deſire him. Yet I believe, "He is the altogether lovely one; the chiefeſt among ten thouſands!" —But O, I cannot get near to him; and this *cannot*, I plainly ſee, is my ſtubborn will! O, if that were but bowed to the ſceptre of King Jeſus, I ſhould ſoon find better times.

I have been for ſome time paſt, rambling out among means and creatures, in a wilderneſs. And I am ſure, I ſhall not find reſt, till I return, and ſtay myſelf upon God. But I cannot find the way back again! Yet, methinks, I hear Chriſt ſpeaking to me, in his word, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."—O, if I could but claſp my Saviour, in the arms of a ſtrong, and lively faith, I ſhould do well; though a thouſand things were againſt me. But without him, I can do nothing.

I know I have too often tried your patience, with my fruitleſs complaints; yet if I write at all, I muſt write as I feel. "Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth

ſpeaketh."—The Lord be with you, and make you exceeding glad, with the light of his countenance.—If God gives you a heart to pray, pray hard for

Your Friend,

S. O.

LETTER XLIX.

From Miss S. A. to a friend at a distance, when Miss S. A. was in the country, in time of the war.

My dear, very dear Friend,

Shall I ever ſee you again?—O how long, how painful the ſeparation! Were it not for the expence of travelling, and my cowardly ſpirit, I ſhould doubtleſs have attempted a journey to ſee you, and the reſt of my friends, this ſpring; but theſe are a bar in my way.

God, in his providence, hath dealt very kindly with me; I am able pretty comfortably to go five or ſix miles on the Sabbath, to meeting.—The family are very kind to me, and I want for nothing of a worldly nature. I have not any trials but what would be re-

moved, if my heart was properly impreſſed with the infinite importance of divine and eternal things.—O my leanneſs, my leanneſs!

I rejoice my dear, that you are ſeated under ſuch a wiſe, pious, and zealous miniſter; and in the midſt of ſuch a number of Chriſtian friends!

O that, at ſuch a time as this, the friends of God would diſtinguiſh themſelves; in ſtemming the torrent of univerſal corruption, and in the moſt diſintereſted attachment to the cauſe of Chriſt! I hope things with you, appear in a more encouraging light. It is very dark here, ſo far as I can learn; and indeed our public affairs wear a more gloomy aſpect in my view, on account of the dreadful degeneracy, ſo very apparent!—However, it is a conſolation to know, that Jehovah, will be perfectly juſtified by all the upright; and ſhall be glorified by all thoſe things which take place, in conſequence of theſe provocations.

Jehovah reigns!—May the divine goodneſs ever attend you.

Yours, in the ſtrongeſt bonds,

S. A.

LETTER L.

From Miss S. A. to the same person; after a short interview, with each other.

My dear friend,

It seems but like a dream, that I have seen you! The time was so short, and attended with so many interruptions, which were unavoidable; by which that near, and intimate, familiar unbosoming, which I had been longing for, was prevented. O that I might learn wisdom, though taught it by briers and thorns.

I have passed through a trying scene, since I saw you; have been again separated from my dearest connexions, and most valuable, important, spiritual privileges.*—I must refer you to Mr. H. for my story. I would have returned to Newport; but divine providence has ordered otherwise. I know it is most just; God hath taken nothing from me, but what I have abused, in a most dreadful manner!

Our dear, worthy pastor, I think, has shone with a tenfold lustre, in his ministrations and

* Miss A. was *obliged* to leave Newport, a second time.

conduct, since his return to Newport.*—The greatness of his soul, exercised in such disinterested benevolence and zeal for God, hath filled me with wonder and admiration; and it gives me pleasure to learn, that he is like to exercise it still at Newport, though I am shut out! This is a dark providence, and yet, that I should be so provided for here, and should be treated so kindly, calls for a grateful acknowledgment.

May the dear, divine Redeemer, be your sure protection, and his infinite fulness, your abundant, delightful repast. To him I commit you, my truly dear friend, and am,

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

* Mr. Hopkins returned, immediately after the British evacuated the town.

LETTER LI.

From Miss S. A. to a friend at a distance, when Miss A. was keeping School, in the country.

My dear, very dear Friend,

I have received two letters from you;

which were moſt welcome to me; but I have not time now to ſay much, having many letters to write, which muſt go by this opportunity.

I conclude you have had my hiſtory, from our dear Paſtor; ſo I ſhall not go back.—When I parted laſt, I had feelings not eaſily expreſſed; but I reflected, and ſaid, "it is the Lord," and was quieted. The next day I heard the Rev. Mr. B. preach, from theſe words, "Call no man father."*—O, it was like apples of gold! a word in ſeaſon!

I had many objections againſt going to Mr. G—'s, to ſtay; however, *there* and there only, Providence ſeemed to lead, and I was to follow.—But He, who governs the univerſe, had ſomething elſe in view. While I was here, the Col. mentioned my ſtaying, to inſtruct his little children this winter; I agreed, and am moſt kindly entertained by this family, and the employment hitherto has not been diſagreeable. God appears to have ordered my lot, in much mercy!—I find I am not able to attend ſo cloſely to the exerciſes of my mind as formerly, and therefore eſteem it a great favour to be employed in any ſervice, that infinite wiſdom ſees beſt; if

* Matth. xxiii.

I may not be found idle, and so be cast out of God's vineyard! O, may I be faithful, and the dear little ones be profited. I never thought myself calculated for this service; but since God has called me to it, I know he can assist and bless, the weakest instruments. To him I feel disposed to look.

I have had a letter from Newport, which informs of the death of Mr. Osborn. Dear Mrs. O. seems to be left alone; but I trust, she is fast ripening for a better society.

O my dear, I have a thousand things to say, which I cannot say with my pen. I have my trials, the greatest of which, is a barren heart, under all the manuring of divine providence.

I am closing a year, which has been filled up with the most astonishing forbearance, and salvations. Methinks there never was a more righteous sentence than that woald be, "CUT IT DOWN, why cumbereth it the ground!"

Jehovah hath seemed to be trying it out with me; to see if I will be reclaimed, and brought to fruitfulness, by the most wonderful care, condescension and goodness, exercised toward the most vile and ill-deserving!

But if fovereign mercy doth not triumph ſtill, I muſt ſoon ſink under the weight!—O that the next year, may be a year of ſome ſuitable returns. A year, when the dear ſeparated connexion may be gathered together; and unite, in bringing forth that fruit, which ſhall be to the praiſe and glory, of our God, and Redeemer.

With tendereſt ſalutations to dear friends with you, I am,

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER LII.

From Mrs. S. A. to a friend.

Worthy friend,

The ſweetneſs of friendſhip, conſiſteth very much, in ſincere, mutual love, and ſympathy. Such I truſt is ours.—I would prove it thus on my part, nor will I doubt it on yours.—While I ſympathize with you in the various trials in the Chriſtian life, I will give you ſome of the exerciſes of my own ſoul; that, if poſſible, I may help to remove your preſent fears, and dark forebodings.

Your caſe, is not ſo ſingular, as you imagine:—All thoſe who have inliſted under Jeſus Chriſt, muſt appear in arms, and fight. We may as well wiſh to be excluded, from all intereſt in him, as to be exempted from theſe ſore combats! It is the fixed engagement, we are under, to our Lord;—to fight, againſt ſin and Satan, as long as they oppoſe, which will be as long as we remain in this militant ſtate. This life is called, a vale of tears!—Sins and ſorrows encompaſs our path, through this wilderneſs! Well, ſince it is thus, let us not be over-anxious after reſt here, but expect and prepare for daily conflicts!—O, let our utmoſt deſire be, to glorify our God and Saviour, and ſweetly reſt in that. It is certain, if we ſincerely love God, we ſhall willingly forego our comfort, for his glory. —O, how divine the pleaſure, how unſpeakable the ſatisfaction; of beholding ourſelves, as inſtruments of glorifying God! In this view, I ſometimes behold with great delight, the moſt amazing trials of my life. At ſome ſeaſons, I ſeem to be called, to combat with *hell* itſelf!—I am beſet, with a legion of Devils, at once!—All combined to root my ſoul, from its foundation.

And "if the foundation be deſtroyed, what can the righteous do?" What indeed,

can they do! I do not mean doubts about our own intereſt in Chriſt, the ſincerity of our faith, love, &c. for theſe may be falſe, and yet there may be hope;—but if the FOUNDATION, of them, were deſtroyed, viz. the Being of God; the ſecurity of ſalvation, by Chriſt; or the reality of all religion: if this could be deſtroyed, what could the righteous do!!—Satan hath long been ſtriving to deſtroy my belief of theſe truths. My ſoul hath been greatly amazed, with ſuch conflicts as are inexpreſſible! But glory to God, eternal praiſes to him, who hath proved his *Being*; the all-ſufficiency of Chriſt; and the reality of religion; by giving me ſtrength, and ſuch aſſiſtance, even cauſing me to triumph in victory!

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER LIII.

From Mrs. O. to Miss S. A.

My dear Friend,

I ſend you the copy of my letter to Mrs ——. Do not ſhow it to any body, except to ——. I feel tender, and would not expoſe her any farther than the honor of God

calls for. I have not had any word in reply, but she is much more pleasant than before. —The Lord over-rule it for good! My conscience is greatly relieved. May the beautiful golden rule be ever mine. I could not talk; my heart was too full! O, I am a dreadful coward. Reproving, is of all works, one of the hardest!

Divine Providence hath forbid my journey to Stonington, and I am quite satisfied: God doth all things well. Pray for me. Who knows but our next meeting will be in heaven? O, when shall I get there! This world is a tiresome place! Methinks my name, is *weary of the world.* May I with patience wait, till Christ shall let me behold his glory!—The Lord be with you, my dear friend. I am, a thousand times,

Yours,

S. O.

LETTER LIV.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

My dear Mrs. O.

Other concerns, have hitherto prevented my writing; but I dare not omit it any longer, though I have but a moment of time.

O, when ſhall eternity begin! I have been converſing with death, in all its ghaſtly horrors! and yet it cannot frighten away my moſt ardent deſires for a releaſe from the body.—Still I view the victories and triumphs of my Redeemer; and by faith, ſee him who is inviſible! By faith, I behold him gone to heaven to ſecure, and prepare a manſion for me! He, having overcome death, and triumphed over the grave; hath engaged to bring at laſt, perfectly juſtified, through his merits, all thoſe who believe in him.—There I ſhall behold then nclouded face of God, and drink full draughts of the rivers of pleaſure! O my friend, my ſoul even breaks with longing, after this God! This choſen, this only happineſs of my ſoul. All my other wiſhes, are ſwallowed up in this!

O that, while I am kept in this diſtant land, I might be favoured with more ſweet and frequent fortaſte's, more pledges, and earneſts of his love! O, for one divine ray of light, in this dark ſoul. O, for one beam of the ſun of righteouſneſs, this would make a glorious *day!*—O, that your Redeemer, and mine, would take us nearer to himſelf! O, tell him I long to lean on his breaſt!—Tell him, I even faint, for ſome renewed manifeſtations of his perfections to my ſoul!—

O, how much dearer would they be to me than life, and all the delights on earth!

I am yours in sincerity,

S. A.

LETTER LV.

From Miss S. A. to a friend, who was under some spiritual difficulties.

My dear friend,

I am always glad to hear from you; but why are you caſt down? Is not your Redeemer, the ſame Almighty, omnipotent, faithful and gracious God, as ever? Is not his covenant-faithfulneſs as immutable, as when you rejoiced in it as all your ſalvation, and all your deſire?—O, keep your hold of it; for he, will never leave nor forſake, any of his people!

How was it with the diſciples? Jeſus conſtrained them to get into a ſhip, and paſs over unto the other ſide,* without him. And what was the conſequence?—Why, the evening came on, and they were in the midſt

* Matth. xiv. 22.

of the sea, with a contrary wind, toiling in rowing; and they knew not Jesus, when he was coming to them, on this boisterous sea; but supposed him to be a frightful ghost, and cried out!—It is said he would have passed by them, but they were not asleep, for they all saw him; and supposing him to be a spirit, *Cried out.** Then, then, did he hear their cry, and manifested himself unto them: "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid."—And he entered into the ship, and the wind ceased, and they were filled with joy and wonder!

O, how often is this the case, with his poor disciples, when he causes them to pass on the sea of temptation, without his sensible presence! It is well for them, if they are not asleep.—Toiling and rowing, are best for them to keep them awake, and great fears to make them cry out in earnest!—Jesus will then appear for them, and comfort their souls; bring them to land, and at last to their desired haven of everlasting rest!

In heaven, there will be no evening,—no contrary winds,—no toiling or rowing, on tempestuous seas—no distressing fears nor absence from Jesus forever! There, the

* Mark vi. 49.

weary are at reſt, and the wicked ceaſe from troubling! There all our hopes and wiſhes meet; and Jeſus, will be forever known by the name, EMMANUEL!—O, that will be Emmanuel's land, where holy ſouls will forever reſide; and all will unite in aſcribing glory and honor, thankſgiving and praiſe, to the enthroned Redeemer!

O, for the joyful day! But until then, we muſt keep cloſe to our leader, the Captain of our Salvation;—obey the word of command;—fight like valiant ſoldiers, fired with a noble zeal and ardour, for the honor of our God! We may fight, and be courageous, ſince the battle is the Lord's; and he hath aſſured us, that through him, we ſhall come off, more than conquerors!

O my dear, you are liſted under Chriſt, and you muſt, you will fight. Sometimes the hoſt of hell are ſent to fight, with neither great nor ſmall, but with the King of Iſrael only. —They point their arrows againſt the perfections of God; his word, &c. O then call on him to ſee to his own cauſe, and he will not leave you to fall, in his battles.—But I muſt have done.

Yours,

L. S. A.

LETTER LVI.

From Miss S. A. to a Friend.

My dear kind friend,

I feel that I am under a thouſand obligations to you, which I take pleaſure in acknowledging; yet were it not ſo, my affection for you would not ſuffer me to be ſilent. I have, with ſome degree of ſenſibility, felt the anxiety of my friend, and rejoiced in the accompliſhment of her wiſhes. And now the year is cloſing, I am attending her in the reflections ſhe is making, on the divine mercy and goodneſs in the paſt, and her enquiries and purpoſes for the enſuing year.——"What ſhall I render to the Lord?—I will pay my vows, &c."—And while I rejoice with my friend in all her agreeable proſpects, I obſerve her in all her fears and deſpondences. I know your circumſtances, amidſt all their agreeables, are attended with many ſnares and temptations. It is probable, you will be entering on the new year when you receive this, I will then wiſh you may enjoy the moſt powerful, and the moſt pleaſing views of the divine, all-glorious Redeemer, in his infinite importance, authority and worth; and hear him ſaying, "If any man will be my diſciple, he muſt forſake father and mo-

ther; he must deny himself, take up his cross, and follow me."—May you, my friend, with the firmness of a David, resolve, (if to be religious, is to be vile) to be more vile still! I wish, my friend, all that divine wisdom, which is necessary to recommend religion, to the consciences of all, without giving up one tittle of its precepts, or purity. My friend will forgive my freedom. She knows I love her, therefore I thus write.

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER LVII.

From Miss S. A. to a particular friend.

My dear Friend,

I have just received yours.—Am sorry to hear of your illness; but, let God serve himself of us, in the way he pleases. For this, we were made;—for this, we are preserved;—for this, we were redeemed;—and, what are we fit for, but this?—We sometimes wish, and long, to serve the Lord; but, in very deed, it is He only, that serveth himself of us. And what can we wish, or

desire, beyond this? Being interested in his special favour, through Jesus Christ, what more can we desire, than to be used by him, to promote his own wise purposes.

We are his, by every possible bond, and obligation.—O, to me, it is a delightful thought.—Would to God, that he would glorify himself, by every faculty of my soul, and by every member of my body; with every thought and imagination of my heart and every circumstance of my life! This is my Heaven, to be for him, and for none other! —O, that he would take possession of my *whole* soul! O, when shall I arrive to the stature, of a perfect man, in Christ Jesus!— And when shall I see, the universal spread of his kingdom! I have been longing for this, till my very soul, breaks with desire! O my friend, do tell me something, of your exercises, respecting Zion; I long to know. —I want every Saint to arise, and plead the cause of Zion, with her great and glorious head! O, to see God glorified, and sinners purified; to feel, and see, the goings, and glory of God, in his ordinances, and providences, infinitely out-weighs all other prospects, my soul can have any idea of!—O, for more of God, for more of God, in myself, and others!

W.

I drag about a dead weight, which taints all I do; while all about me, partake of the infection.—O, woe is me, that I am polluted, and dwell in the midſt of pollution!—O, when will my Redeemer come, and deſtroy theſe his enemies! When will he come, and purify to himſelf, a peculiar people!

I *muſt* take his people in, with myſelf; I have no intereſt, ſeparate from the cauſe of Zion. I view myſelf as a member, of that body, of which Chriſt my Lord is head;—and if one member ſuffers, all the members ſuffer with it; and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice; and to perfect the body, they all need the ſame things that I need, though not perhaps to the ſame degree; as I am ſo far behind, in conformity to my great head. But, bleſſed be God, he hath promiſed to perfect, that which is wanting.

I greatly rejoice in, and with you. O my dear, love much, and praiſe much!—Strive to help my too-cold affections, that the Redeemer may have the glory which is his due! But O, what can depraved, *finite* mortals render, for *infinite* benignity?

We can but liſp, his praiſes now; but O, Heaven will raiſe, and purify our ſong. But

I may not add.—Pray for me, pray for Zion, and may God Almighty bleſs you, with the beſt of bleſſings.

Yours, affectionately,

S. A.

LETTER LVIII.

From Miss S. A. to Mrs. O.

Dear Mrs. O.

I find little diſpoſition to write, yet I dare not give way to ſloth; ſince it hath pleaſed God, to bleſs to us, this mode of converſing.

I am indeed ſurrounded with divine goodneſs. God hath been pleaſed to favour me of late, with ſome nearer acceſs to himſelf, than uſual. O, how ſweet is the thought, of being in covenant with God! With this glorious Redeemer,—under whoſe dear protection, we are always *ſafe;* and may be *happy*, if we are not wanting to ourſelves.—It is in this Saviour, that I would boaſt and glory! I know I am, in *myself*, weak, worthleſs and vile, helpleſs, and without defence; but in *Christ Jesus*, I truſt I am ſtrong, and completely bleſſed.—O, the un-

ſearchable riches, of our purchaſed redemption! Here I may have joy, and rejoice; under the deepeſt, and moſt afflicting ſenſe, of my ſinful, wretched, and undone ſtate, by nature!—All my miſeries, do but ſerve to make my dear Redeemer appear more, *infinitely* more precious! Here, methinks, I could dwell forever. O, the fulneſs of Jeſus Chriſt! What is he, in himſelf! And what hath he done, for me? But theſe are queſtions which none, but his own infinite ſelf, can anſwer! No *finite* being can give a full anſwer!—O then, let us ſeek a deeper, experimental knowledge of him; for although we can never expreſs, or conceive his fulneſs, yet we may obtain ſome transforming views of his perfections?

And now my friend, what more can I ſay? Nothing, but what I truſt you know, better than I can tell you—that he is altogether lovely; the chiefeſt amongſt ten thouſands! This is my beloved, and this I truſt is my friend!—But my thoughts are too full, for time or pen to expreſs! Therefore I muſt conclude.

Yours, in Christ Jesus,

S. A.

LETTER LIX.

From Miss S. A. to a particular friend in Newport, when Miss A. was in the country.

My very dear Friend,

I wrote you a long letter, and gave it to the bearer on Thurſday. Yeſterday, and to-day, I have received yours. I thank you, my kind friend, for theſe repeated inſtances of your love.

I am affected with the circumſtances of my dear Mrs. B——. How kind is Providence to her, in carrying *you* there, at this time, to be with her. Will ſhe not hope in divine mercy? O my dear, Mrs. B——,* Is not ſovereign grace, to be magnified?—Is not mercy, to be built up forever?—But where are fitter ſubjects for it, than you and I? Cannot you commit yourſelf into the hands of Chriſt? "Among the Gods, there is none like him." Nor are there any words, like his.

Does he not chooſe to diſplay his power and grace, in the moſt wretched, and moſt deſperate caſes?—The mighty Redeemer,

* Miſs A. now addreſſes the perſon mentioned in the laſt paragraph.

is more than equal, to all your neceſſities, fears, and diſtreſſes.—My waiting eyes, are to him; who alone can ſpeak peace, and conſolation to your ſoul, while I feel the tendereſt emotions of friendſhip and ſympathy.

I have been out to meeting, all day. The text in the morning was, "All is vanity, and vexation of ſpirit."—This afternoon, "Behold his face, in righteouſneſs;" ſweet and precious truths. I thought this was the *Heaven* I wanted, this was what my ſoul deſired, to behold his face, in righteouſneſs!—Among the many thoughts which I had, *one* was, of ſeeing my dear Mrs. B—— there, triumphing in ſovereign grace!

I feel a deſire to ſee Newport, this fall; but muſt leave it with infinite wiſdom.

Yours, sincerely,

S. A.

LETTER LX.

From Miss S. A. to a particular friend in the country; written in Newport, when it was a garrison by the British.

My dear Friend,

I have had peculiar ſatisfaction, in that

kind, and gracious Providence, which carried you out. I have rejoiced that your way, (so far as we could judge) was made so prosperous; while clouds and darkness, increase on us!

On the 7th November, I was called to part with my dear sister T——. Her pain and distress, increased fast upon her, after you left us. O, it was an affecting scene—to see the universal, extreme pain, in which she lay, without a murmuring word,—yea, with a cheerfulness, becoming the Christian character, to her last moments;—waiting for, and expecting, her dissolution! On Thursday, about ten o'clock, she expired! After I had attended on her through this finishing scene, and all was done for her that could be done, it appeared duty, to turn to my dear Mrs. O. who was *sick;* destitute; and in affliction; not knowing, but God would call me to attend her, through the like scene! But I found her better, though very weak.—At this time, and a little before, I had been brought to greater straits than ever.—More than two weeks, we were destitute of wood, only a little, which our dear Mrs. M. sent us; and the weather, was extremely cold.* But O,

* The town was very destitute of Wood, and other necessary articles of life, at this time.

my dear, I had an infinite God; it was enough!—I saw myself to be in the very circumstances, infinite wisdom, *perfect rectitude*, boundless goodness, and never-failing faithfulness, had chosen for me.—I gloried in it—and though these circumstances, were not in *themselves* desirable; yet, considered as the wise choice, of an all-glorious—all-perfect Being, I preferred them, as inexpressibly more eligible, than any that I, or any of my dearest, earthly friends, could choose for me! —And at this time, through *sovereign grace*, I trust I was enabled to perform my former resolution, "*that when earth should sever* ALL *from me, I would boast, and glory in my choice of* GOD!" Indeed, as far as we have any true-love, to the glorious Jehovah; a view of *his* government, will reconcile us, to any *possible* situation!

Our dear Mrs. O. seems to be in very different circumstances, from any she ever saw before.—Refuge, and helpers fail;—and she does not seem to possess that confidence, and joy, which was usual in difficulties. —Yet I know God will appear, he will not forsake; his faithfulness, will not fail!

We have seen darker times, I think, since you left us, than ever before, and our prof-

pects more gloomy.—Yet Jehovah is the ſame;—as able to deliver, as ever! If we are his, (and I truſt we are) it is his cauſe, his intereſt, his charge, to care for us; direct, ſupport, deliver us, or ſanctify all evils to us. Verily there is no help for us, but in God;—and ſurely that is enough!

O, it is good, if the will of God be ſo, that we ſhould be in circumſtances, which conſtrain us to look to him alone; ſhut up from all helpers, but the Lord!

Hitherto, eſpecially of late, I have felt myſelf in the hands of Jehovah, following where he leads. I did not want to ſtay; fain would I have gone away,* he held me.—I rebelled, and was almoſt ſhipwrecked in the ſtorm; all my ſupport at times was, that the mighty Redeemer was able to conquer me: I was in his hands, and he knew what to do, with his froward children.—And now, here I am, conſtrained to ſay; he hath done all things WELL!

Here I am, let me but follow, where Chriſt leads;—go where, and when, he commands;—abide where he chooſes, and let ten thouſand deaths await me; all is well!

* When the *British* took poſſeſſion of Newport, Miſs A. wiſhed to go off the Iſland; but found it not practicable.

O my dear friend, I fear nothing, but the leaſt deviation, from the moſt wiſe, and holy law, and will, of Jehovah!—I think, if he ſhould point out the way, for me to go to my dear connexions, I ſhould gladly embrace it; yet if he ſay, ſtay here; can I object, after all that I have ſeen of Jehovah, in this place? —Surely God hath not left himſelf without witneſs, that "he is good to the evil, and unthankful," every day; every moment, is this ſcripture fulfilled before my eyes, and upon me! I am polluted, and dwell among a polluted people; a people of unclean lips!* —Yet Jehovah works here; were it not for this, I am ſure theſe circumſtances, and this *place* would have been a very Hell; but here I have enjoyed a very Heaven, if heaven conſiſts in manifeſtations of Jehovah's character.

O my dear, to *ſome* people, my letter would ſeem to be full of contradictions. The diſtreſs and miſeries of this place are great; —the proſpects, I may ſay big. with every evil —I think I would not ſtay here another day, for all the riches on earth!—Yet, if my Redeemer hold me here, I hope to gain

* Miſs A. has reference to the profanity of the troops, which dwelt in the town, at that time; and much of which her ſituation obliged her to be in the hearing of.

ſpiritual riches;—a heavenly treaſure; to ſee more of God ſtill; here I am, let the Lord do with me, as ſeemeth him good!

I have juſt been to ſee Mrs. O.; find her not quite ſo dejected, as ſhe was yeſterday; though every thing in Providence appears dark, reſpecting her! Well, let faith wait on; and truſt in, the mighty God of Jacob; yea, glory in his government.

Since I wrote the above, Mrs. O. has received a letter, and preſent, from Mrs. ——. This coming from ſuch an unexpected quarter, and at this time, has greatly affected our Friend.—She cries, ſurely the finger of God, is in it!—Now, ſay my friend, is not Jehovah, worthy to be *truſted?*

Another *date*, in the ſame letter:—

And now, my dear, we muſt ſtill truſt in God; it looks as if the very dregs of the cup are for *us*; the probability now is, that the *ſmall-pox* will ſpread, and what diſtreſs will this occaſion!*

I think we are called to weeping and

* Very few of the inhabitants of Newport, ever had the ſmall-pox; as it never went through the town.—Had it ſpread, at that time of general calamity, it would have been diſtreſſing indeed!

mourning, but not to despair. No, the Lord yet lives;—Jehovah reigns;—let us rejoice, though it be with trembling! I have many difficulties, both personal and relative, to encounter, but God orders them all. I am constrained to look to him.—Perhaps I shall not be able to add to my letter. Let my friends know all. Pray for us, bless God; give much love. "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord; and it shall come!

Another date:

I must begin again, as my letter does not go yet. Where are all my dear friends, (I think of them by name) who have been praying for me, in this time of captivity?—Let them not cease, I am extremely needy;—my circumstances trying;—but, through their prayers; the grace of the Lord Jesus, can cause me to glory, in tribulation? O, the wonderful grace of God, revealed in the gospel! What more can I want!—I find, "the word of the Lord endures forever!"—It is a tried word! God is a present help, in trouble; he is near at hand.—O the infinite perfection of his government! What consummate happiness; what complete blessedness; to be under his dominion!—But I

muſt ſtop; one day will reveal it.—O, for an eternity, to celebrate his praiſes!!

Yours, S. A.

LETTER LXI.

From Miss S. A. to the Rev. Mr. Hopkins.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

As I know I am bound to believe things, which I cannot comprehend; ſo I am bound to believe, when you expreſs yourſelf gratified by my writing; but how a perſon of your diſcerning can be ſo, is beyond my conception. Yet while I cannot have the leaſt doubt of your ſincerity, I will write; and rejoice that I may do it with an entire freedom.

There is not any thing which gives me a more pleaſing ſenſation, and raiſes my ſoul more to God, than your ſupports and enjoyments. And, by my acquaintance with you, I truſt there is a new ſcene of *eternal* enjoyment opened; and I hope, in a more perfect, uninterrupted manner, to partake of your joy and triumph, through our all-conquering Emmanuel forever!

Oh, how big is the preſent ſtate, even every circumſtance of it, with eternal pleaſures

to the friends of Chriſt, in his higheſt, and moſt glorious exaltation, as *Head* over all things!—What an infinite weight of boundleſs joys, muſt they have, in the thought, that *Dominion* is with him!—Oh, if I did but believe that he is, what he really is, this truth would break all my captive chains; and be an unfailing ſource of joy and tranquillity, even amidſt all the evils, which encompaſs both my friends and myſelf.—I am, dear Sir, tenderly concerned for your health at preſent, and cannot but urge to the uſe of the beſt means; and "let the Lord do that, which ſeems good, in his ſight."

I thank you, Sir, for your laſt, kind, valuable favour; and am ready to wonder, that amidſt all your many, and important labours, you ſhould condeſcend to hold a correſpondence with one ſo unworthy.--I know you have, vaſtly too high, an opinion of me; but ſo it muſt be, or I ſhould not have an abiding in the ſociety of the people of God! May the Lord encreaſe the number of your dear Chriſtian friends; and may they all, be equal to your benevolent conception of them.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours, under the most sacred obligations,

S. A.

LETTER LXII.

From Mrs. S. A. to the Rev. Mr. H.

Very dear Sir,

I thank you, for your laſt, kind letter; but cannot attempt to make any returns in this. I have been ſo very unwell, dark, and dejected, that I have had little heart for any thing!

Ever ſince laſt Sabbath, I have been fighting in the dark, except a few moments on Monday evening; one of the ſhorteſt, ſweeteſt ſeaſons, I ever had! I could not account for it in any other way, than that my worthy friend was praying for me. I felt in a ſmall degree, what I was; and had alſo ſome view, of the infinite, boundleſs compaſſion, of the dear, divine Redeemer, towards his people.—Thoſe precious truths, you delivered ſome time paſt, from Iſa. xl. 11, which made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind at that time; now broke out as a ſun-beam.—Bodily ſtrength was directly exhauſted, and I could not purſue the delightful exerciſe; yet ſomehow, through much darkneſs and dejection, the glorious character, of the divine, omnipotent

Redeemer, has been a support and stay to my mind, ever since!

Requesting an interest in your prayers still,

I am, under great obligations,

Your unworthy friend,

S. A.

LETTER LXIII.

From Miss S. A. to the Rev. Mr. H.

Rev. and much-esteemed Sir,

I thank you for your very acceptable letter, which has been too-long unnoticed; owing chiefly to my discouragement with myself.

As to the death of my dear parent, it was indeed a close trial. Yet I think, under all my tender feelings, I have had pleasure in the righteousness, justice and wisdom, of that sentence, "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return!*" even though executed on me, and all my dearest enjoyments. I have been made to taste a peculiar sweetness, in going to God, and as it were claiming a new property in him, as the Father of the father-

leſs. But O, how little do I profit, under all the divine cultivations! If I am a little awaked for a moment, to ſee the importance of living to God, and being all activity in his ſervice; how ſoon do I doſe again. O, can ſuch ſtupidity, be the ſpot of God's children!

I have had very ſenſible fears, that I ſhould turn out a vile apoſtate!—But then had only two requeſts to make; namely, that God might be glorified upon me, and that my enmity might never riſe againſt him! I know it ſhall never be ſo, unleſs the honor of God can be ſecured, and it be made to appear by my wickedneſs, that it is a righteous thing in God thus to diſpoſe of me; and ſurely I can ſee no difficulty here.

My mind at times, ſince this year commenced, has been ſenſibly impreſſed with the importance of being prepared to meet God; in what way, and at what time ſoever, he cometh!—I know that temptations and trials abide me; but when, and what, is nothing, if I may but approve myſelf to God.—O, there is ſomething ſo inexpreſſibly ſweet and deſirable, in being a hearty, cordial, entire friend to Chriſt, that it exceeds every attain-

ment on earth!—All things ſhrink into nothing, before this!

I am, Rev. Sir,

Yours,

S. A.

LETTER LXIV.

From the same, to the same, written in New-London, in time of war.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your very acceptable letter came to hand, laſt week.—I have met with a diſappointment in not ſeeing the ladies, and in not proceeding on my journey; but I am not anxious, the Lord reigns, hath the diſpoſal of all my affairs, and hath done all things well. O, what conſummate wiſdom, what glorious ſovereignty, and what tender care, hath attended me, through every ſtep of my life.—What obligations am I under! How reaſonable that I ſhould, with entire confidence, and abſolute ſubmiſſion, reſt all with him!

The protection lately granted, my dear Newport friends, lays me under new bonds.

I think I feel myself less my own, than ever! —What shall I render to the Lord? I am sure this additional favour, demands some new, and special tribute; and great will be my guilt, if I do not make some grateful returns! And God hath, while graciously appearing for my dear connexions, been visiting me personally, with loving-kindness and tender mercy. He hath gone before, and prepared an agreeable place for me, in a strange land.

The Rev. and dear Mr. Woodbridge, represented the necessity of my staying some time with him, in his low estate! He is much better, mends fast, is sensible of it himself. His whole conduct is full of instruction. —His prayers are most excellent, and refreshing; in which he seems to rise to God, and centre in him, with the most entire satisfaction. I cannot give you an idea of the agreeable, divine temper, which he exhibits.—O Sir, I am under peculiar advantages, and am ready to think, that I can never forget this interview; especially with the worthy Mr. W. his soul seems all attention, to know the mind of God, in his dispensations towards him. For this, he earnestly requests the prayers of his friends; and for this, I also ask all your prayers, for him.—You must all

help me, to fulfil that divine precept, to ſeek the good of the people with whom I ſojourn.

LETTER LXV.

To the same.—The conclusion of a Letter.

The cauſe of truth, appeared ſo infinitely important, that when I was ſo exhauſted, that I could ſay no more, I could not ceaſe crying, come Lord Jeſus; O come, in the diſplay and vindication of divine truth.—But the views and exerciſes I had, on this occaſion, cannot be expreſſed. But alas, I have been ready to think, for ſome weeks paſt, that my praying-times were over, ſuch degrees of ſtupidity prevail; and when I gain a little view of divine and eternal things which engages me in that exerciſe my bodily ſtrength immediately fails, or ſome diſorder ſeizes me, that I am not able to continue!—O, that I might ceaſe to be mortal, when I ceaſe to pray; and my harp be tuned, for immortal, inceſſant praiſe!

O that the wiſe, the kind Redeemer, would admit me to the unwearied ſervices of his kingdom above!—Bleſſed be God, he hath employment enough, for all his people; and Heaven is not a ſtate of inactivity! O then,

why ſhould I drag on, at ſo low a rate! But the Lord reigns, and I muſt rejoice. O may the everlaſting God be your refuge, and his fulneſs your abundant ſupply, for all the important ſervices, to which he hath called you.

Yours, under the higheſt obligations,

S. A.

LETTER LVI.

Part of another Letter, to the ſame.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

God knoweth, how often you have miniſtered to my neceſſities, in your public diſcourſes.—Your ſermon, laſt Thurſday evening, was peculiarly adapted to my caſe!—O how ſwift are my feet to ſhed blood! Surely I need the moſt enlarged, and exalted views of the boundleſs, ſovereign grace of God, and the infinite worthineſs, excellence, power, and ſufficiency of the glorious Redeemer, in order to maintain a hope, that ever ſuch a loſt, wretched creature as I am, can be redeemed from all iniquity. And if I now know my own heart, the greateſt deſire I have for my own ſalvation is, that theſe may be magnified in it; and that they ſhall be, beyond all conception, is matter of eternal praiſe!

LETTER LXVII.

From Miss S. A. to the same person.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I am very ſenſibly affected, with your late indiſpoſition.—I heard nothing of it till laſt evening, when I was deprived the pleaſure and profit of your converſation; yet I hope this providence ſhall not be in vain.—O, my dear Sir, what pleaſure do I enjoy, in having ſuch a glorious, kind, compaſſionate, all-ſufficient, and infinitely wiſe Redeemer, into whoſe hands I can commit my dear, and invaluable friend! To him, I think, I have now, given up all my right, and the privileges and enjoyments under his ſervant, all my wiſhes and deſires for them. I have nothing left! If I take back, I ſhall be guilty of the moſt horrid ſacrilege! But this I know I ſhall do, if ſovereign grace do not prevent.

Since laſt evening, I have ſeen it ſo infinitely fit, ſafe and happy, to have this, my dear friend and paſtor, with every circumſtance of his, in the hands of Chriſt, and at his wiſe diſpoſal; that I with confidence leave him there, knowing he will do more

for him, than I can aſk or think! While he will promote his own intereſt, in which you are engaged.

All is well! It is enough that Jeſus lives and reigns! O, let him govern, let him diſpoſe; and O! let me never retreat, or rebel! O! may Jeſus fill your ſoul with divine communications, and delightful conſolation, in a view of the Majeſty, glory, beauty, extent, and duration, of his kingdom!

I thank you Sir, for your ſermons on Baptiſm: I read them with inexpreſſible pleaſure. They have been the moſt inſtructing, and ſatisfactory to me, of any thing I ever met with, on the ſubject. I could not but ardently wiſh, they might be made public.—O, what obligations am I under, for what God has done for me, through your labours, to leave all future events with him!

I am, dear Sir, your unworthy,

S. A.

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Same.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I thank you, a thouſand times, for your

laſt; but much regretted, that you ſhould entertain any opinion of me, which ſhould prevent your preſſing all that inſtruction on me, which you would on the moſt ignorant creature in the world.—I am ready to think, I never was more untractable, under any providence, than I have been under my late bereavement.

Surely the wiſe, the righteous, and holy God, had deſigns in it, even towards me, which I have not properly noticed and improved.—Surely there was infinitely more inſtruction in it, than I have received. And yet, I think, I never had a more real, and abiding delight, in devoting myſelf and all my enjoyments to God, and in viewing all at his diſpoſal! I have thought, what if God was about to make an exchange with me; take from me my dear relatives, and give me grace and ability, to obtain precious ſouls for Chriſt. In this view, I have felt an inexpreſſible pleaſure; and when all were gone, wiſhed for ten thouſand more to exchange! But I know it doth not become me, to make conditions.—Let the Lord do, as ſeemeth him good.

Is there any true benevolence, in eſteeming it a privilege, to have dear relatives and

friends, merely that we may give them up at the call of God? Or, is this inconsistent with that natural affection, which we ought to have. Would such a pleasure imply a despising the chastening of the Lord? Dear Sir, I rely on your candour, and am,

Your obliged,

S. A.

LETTER LXIX.

To the Same.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your last unmerited favour. O, that I had a heart, to improve the rich privileges, with which a gracious Providence indulges me!

By your kind condescension to me, you are making work for yourself; but this I believe will not discourage you, if my unteachableness does not. I wish for instruction; and my pride would like to obtain it, without exposing my own ignorance!—But I shall venture, on the kindness and candour, of my Reverend and esteemed pastor; and, in my broken manner, propose some queries, respecting what is termed *appropriating faith.*

Perhaps you will be obliged to *tell the dream*, as well as the interpretation.

I have rejected the idea, of faith's consisting in a belief, that *Christ died for me in particular*.—But possibly I have been holding the same idea, in some other form of expression. Permit me then to ask, When a person feels himself infinitely guilty and vile, justly condemned by the holy and righteous law of God; acknowledges, against THEE, and thee only, have I sinned! &c. When this person has a view of the divine Redeemer, in his infinite beauty and worthiness, who hath magnified the law, and made it honourable; hath brought in everlasting righteousness, and is mighty to save; doth he not, in flying for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before him, choose Christ, for *his* Almighty Saviour?—He hath been crying, God be merciful to *me*, a sinner; here he beholds mercy; doth he not embrace it, for *himself*?—Doth he not receive Christ, as *his* Prophet, Priest, and King?—Although he cannot know that he is so, until he hath a consciousness, that he hath complied with the terms of the gospel. Although I believe, the soul is chiefly taken up, with adoring views of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ; yet, as the divine law hath been brought

home, with application to themſelves, ſo I think they will make application to the Redeemer, for themſelves; and may not theſe exerciſes ariſe, from a regard to the glory of God?—But it is time I ſhould ſtop, and ſubſcribe.

Your unworthy friend,

S. A.

N. B. Doubtleſs many would be glad to ſee the Anſwer, to the above Letter; it is therefore inſerted here.

LETTER LXX.

An Answer, to the Questions, in the last Letter, by the Rev. Mr. H.

Question. Although faith doth not conſiſt in believing that Chriſt died for *me*, in particular; yet, is there not a degree of *appropriation*, in all true ſaving faith?—Does not the believer, ſee Chriſt a ſufficient Saviour *for him;* does he not fly to Chriſt, for that very deliverance and ſalvation, which he feels *he* wants; and does he not truſt in him, for this ſalvation, for *himself?*

Answer 1. The ſinner, in believing on

Chriſt, does ſee, that in Chriſt there is a ſufficient remedy for him; enough to ſupply all *his* wants.

2. Salvation by Chriſt, even that very ſalvation which he gives, ſuits and pleaſes his heart, and he deſires this ſalvation; yea, he truſts in Chriſt for it, and heartily accepts of it.

3. All this may be, yet the ſinner not have the leaſt thought, that he hath an intereſt in Chriſt, and this ſalvation; nor any particular thought, or reflection, about his own ſalvation, whether he ſhall be ſaved, or not; but be wholly taken up, in attending to the pleaſing, glorious things, which he ſees in the goſpel.

4. But ſo far as he reflects, on the miſery, and dreadfulneſs of a ſtate of ſin, and eternal deſtruction, with application to himſelf; and on the ſufficiency, and glory of Chriſt, and the worth of ſalvation by him; he will be filled with a pleaſing *hope*, of this ſalvation. —But as the deſire of this ſalvation, and even a ſight and belief of it, has its foundation in a benevolent, diſintereſted turn, or affection of his heart; ſo the hope, which ſprings from this, cannot be a ſelfiſh thing; but benevolence is, as it were, the very life

and ſoul of it; or, it is a hope, of the glory of God.*—This hope may be, and flouriſh to a conſiderable degree; while the perſon does not think that he does believe, or has an intereſt in Chriſt.

5. But when the mind comes to reflect on its own exerciſes, which are by the Spirit of God cauſed to be lively and ſtrong, it will have a conſciouſneſs that it doth believe, and truſt, in Chriſt, for ſalvation; and ſo far as this takes place, he will think of Chriſt, and apply to him, as *his* Saviour, who hath died for him.—Yea,

6. The very firſt act of faith, may be ſo ſtrong, and attended with ſuch circumſtances, that the perſon may have a conſciouſneſs, and even aſſurance, that Chriſt is offered freely; and that he does accept of him, and truſt in him.—But then, this is not eſſential to true faith; but in ſuch a caſe, only an attendant of it.—In a word,

7. The ſinner, in the exerciſe of true faith, always truſts in Chriſt, as able and willing to ſave *him*; and truſts in him, and receives him for *himſelf*, or as his Prince and Saviour; that is, is willing and chooſes he ſhould be ſo.—He flies to Chriſt, as a refuge

* Rom. v. 2.

for himself; as the only hope set before him. —But this may be, without any persuasion, that his present exercises are, a trusting in Christ, receiving him, flying to him, &c.— So he may be at the greatest distance from looking on Christ as his Saviour, in any peculiar, or appropriate sense; or as having interest in him, more than any sinner on earth.

This, however, does not exclude hope of salvation, but rather includes it; which hope is as different, from that of an unregenerate sinner, as benevolence is from selfishness.— And whenever he comes to hope, and be confident, that he does believe in Christ, his hope is not a selfish one, but benevolence is the very foundation of it; so that his hope and assurance of salvation would give him no pleasure, would do him no good, and indeed would cease to be Christian hope, was not the glory of God, and the greatest general good, included in it, and promoted by it!

LETTER LXXI.

From Mrs. O. to the Rev. Mr. F—, of S. giving some account of her exercises in the time of firing on the town, by the British Ships.

Reverend, and dear Sir,

When a friend providentially brought me your letter, I rejoiced much to hear of your welfare, and anxiously desired to speak to my worthy friend. The bearer kindly offered, to write for me.* We had but little time; my thoughts were as the swellings of Jordan, language failed; and doubtless conveyed ideas different from my meaning.—I have been much dissatisfied with some parts of my letter, especially my omissions—as I did not tell my dear friend, how much I had borne him on my heart, nor so much as to ask the continuance of his prayers for me, though I doubt not the mercies with which I have been indulged, both spiritual and temporal, as also the preservations and deliverance of Newport; are in answer to yours, and others of God's people's prayers. And sure I am, I had rather had an interest in the prayers of the people of God, than to posses

* Mrs. Osborn's *sight*, forbid her writing with her own hand.

millions of gold and silver. And now Sir, I earnestly beg you will not cease to pray for me. O, pray that I may be a widow indeed! —Solemnly devoted to God, to my latest breath; and may the best of blessings rest on you, and yours forever!

Forgive, dear Sir, if you think my assertions were too bold, respecting the safety of God's little remnant. I had at that time, such a view of the adorable attributes, of the infinitely glorious, unchangeable, faithful, covenant-keeping JEHOVAH, and the safety of all those who trusted in him, that I could not find language to express my ideas!

Verily, though miracles have ceased, God is the only refuge of his people!—The name of the Lord, is a strong tower.—He is an all-sufficient good, in the absence of the dearest enjoyments on earth!—Happy people, whose God is the Lord!

The strength and courage I mentioned, which God graciously graciously granted me in times of danger; was not the result of any confident persuasion, that I should not be slain.—No! when the bullets were whistling around me, I realized the *next* might have a commission to reach *me;* and if this was the way, infinite wisdom had chosen, I

had no objection to make.—I chose neither life, nor death, only that God might glorify himself in me; and that, whether I lived, or died, I might be the Lord's.—I know every shot was directed by unerring wisdom; and every heart of the enemy, as *much* at his controul, who hath said to the restless ocean, hitherto shalt thou come, and no further; and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.

Thus I rested on God.—Oh! boundless grace, adorable sovereignty!—Why was I not rather called to drink, the very dregs, of the cup of his displeasure?—Why was I not made, even a terror to myself, and all around me! I, who have had so great a hand, in drawing down the judgments of God upon us!—Oh, my friend, adore, with me; let the Lord alone be exalted; and let me be reckoned, among the chief of sinners!

Through the goodness of that God, who hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee, I am again called to set up my Ebenezer; for hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I have been unwell, but through mercy am better. I have known no sufferings, this hard winter,* but what hath been

* After the British evacuated Newport, and the town was in want of almost every comfort of life.

the effect of ſympathy: for while many others have been ready to periſh, I have had a conſtant ſupply of food and fewel.

Touching Zion's cauſe; my dear ſir, ſince I wrote you, while thinking on the ſad things we bemoan; I have been much refreſhed with the thought, that when Elijah complained that true religion was loſt, God had reſerved to himſelf ſeven thouſand.—And who can ſay, that God has not many more in this dark time, than we are aware of. I reſt in this truth, "The foundation of God ſtandeth ſure; having this ſeal, the Lord knoweth who are his."—And though the prevalence of error and deluſion, are matter of ſore lamentation; yet, may not mourners in Zion, be comforted in this, that the choſen of God, ſhall never be finally deceived; though ſuch ſhould ariſe, as would, if poſſible, deceive the very elect.—We know, that the gates of Hell, ſhall never prevail againſt that Church, which Chriſt hath purchaſed with his own moſt precious blood.

Bleſſed be God, the great Head of the Church, in whom dwells all the fullneſs of the Godhead bodily, is equal to all the work aſſigned him; able to protect and defend

his own, as well as to redeem them.—May not all that hath befallen us, both in Church and State, ſerve rather to ſtrengthen, than ſtagger our faith; ſince our divine Redeemer faithfully warned us of the coming of ſuch things, in the latter days.—We ſee that not one jot or tittle of his word fails, in this part; and ſhall not latter-day *promises*, be as truly fulfilled.—May we not lift up our heads, becauſe redemption draweth nigh!—Oh, Sir, when I get faſt hold of that foundation-truth, ſpoken by precious Chriſt himſelf, "All that the Father hath given me, *ſhall* come unto me; and him that cometh, I will in no wiſe caſt out." Then, as ſaith Mr. Elliot, "Faith lies at Anchor, in the midſt of waves and billows; and believes the accompliſhment of the promiſes."—Then I can travel, not only over this vaſt continent, but over all the globe; and be aſſured, that every ſoul born, or yet unborn, who were given to Chriſt in the covenant of redemption, ſhall come to him; and of thoſe whom the Father hath given him, he will loſe none, no not one: Even in this dark day, none ſhall pluck them out of his hands!

And when the ſet time to favour Zion is come, then Chriſt will be avenged on Satan for all the miſchief he hath done; the old

Serpent ſhall be bound, that he deceive the nations no more! God ſhall pour out his Spirit, in plentiful effuſions. The knowledge of God, ſhall cover the earth, as the waters fill the ſea.—Then Chriſt Jeſus will reign triumphant, King of Nations, as he is now King of Saints. Amen. Hallelujah! So come Lord Jeſus.—Whether you or I, ſhall live to ſee the dawn of that bleſſed day, is not known to us. But if we are ſo happy, as to arrive ſafe in Heaven, before it commence; where there is joy among the Angels, over one ſinner, that repenteth, what tranſports of joy ſhall we behold, when *millions* repent; when a *nation*, is born in a day!—Shall we not then be partakers of that joy, which is unſpeakable, and full of glory! —Shall not our ſouls exult, in ſeeing the glory, of the once crucified, but now riſen, aſcended, enthroned Redeemer!—Thanks be to him, that he hath ſaid; "Father, I will, that thoſe whom thou haſt given me, be with me, where I am; to behold my glory!"—Oh pray, that I may be prepared, for this!

Theſe are the comforts, on which I live. —Pray, Sir, pardon the length of my letter: I could not ſtop, my heart was full; and it is probable, this is the laſt time I ſhall be per-

mitted to ſpeak to you in this world, as every attempt to indite, is an overthrow to my feeble frame.—I thank you, Sir, for all your paſt indulgence; and for all the helps you have afforded me, in my various trials.—The Lord, reward you.—May a double portion of his Spirit, reſt upon you.—May you ever taſte the ſweetneſs of, the "Lo, I am with you, always;" till, having turned many to righteouſneſs, you finiſh your courſe, and enter into the joy of your Lord!—Farewell, my dear friend; farewell! Pleaſe to give my tender love to your ſpouſe, and daughter; and accept the ſame yourſelf.—From

Yours, in the delightful bonds of love, gratitude, and friendſhip,

S. O.

LETTER LXXII.

From Mrs. O. to Deacon ——.

Worthy Sir,

Yours, of March 29, 1769, came not to hand, till June 24th. I now write, to return you a thouſand unfeigned thanks; for your kind, endearing, friendly, and Chriſtian caution.—Bleſſed be thou of the Lord; and bleſſed be thine advice!—The Lord ſanctify

it to me, as a preſervative againſt the ſin of Devils, that monſter of monſters, Spiritual Pride!—That ſin, which would rob God, of all his glory; and even *dethrone*, the Majeſty of Heaven, if in its power, and ſet up the Idol, Self, in his room!

Can the jealous eye of Jehovah, bear this, without the utmoſt indignation and abhorrence!—What can provoke, this ſacred Majeſty more, than the prevalency of this ſin; or cauſe him to leave the ſoul, influenced by it, to fall into ſcandalous ſins, for its humiliation?—"Pride goes before deſtruction, and a haughty Spirit, before a fall.—"God reſiſteth the proud."—Oh, Sir, I have lived more than fifty-five years; and more than thirty-two of them, have been fighting, watching, praying, weeping, and groaning, for deliverance from this monſter, with a thouſand heads!—And yet, muſt lay my hand upon my breaſt, and ſay, the Traitor is there ſtill; to the breaking of my heart!—I find it intermixing itſelf, with every attempt I make, to glorify God!—And oh, how does it cut the ſoul to the quick, to find the moſt ſolemn, ardent, and vigorous duties, tainted with pride and ſelf!

Oh, Sir, very ſore have been my trials and conflicts, on account of my character; and

correſpondence with my ſuperiors! By theſe things, I have ſometimes appeared to myſelf, as a mark ſet up, for Satan to level all his darts againſt.—I have wanted to hide, or creep into ſome ſecret corner, to avoid the rage of ſin and hell;—but ſtill, Providence has forbid; and without my ſeeking, correſpondents have increaſed upon me from time to time, and great good hath God brought to my weary ſoul hereby!—Bleſſed be God, he favours me with the counſel of the judicious, the faithful, and the wiſe.—This is a privilege, God hath indulged me with; and why ſhould I caſt it away, merely becauſe God hath made me, and my poor performances, acceptable to my friends?

If he will diſplay his divine ſovereignty, in ſuch a babe; ought I not to ſay, "Even ſo, Father, for ſo it ſeemeth good, in thy ſight!"

My pen, as well as myſelf, have long, I truſt, been ſolemnly given up to God, to be uſed for him, and for none other; and when, through ſore conflicts, I am tempted to lay it aſide, the ſin of the ſlothful ſervant, ſtares me in the face; and I dare not!—Beſides, every friend, as you have now done, Sir, lays me under an obligation, to anſwer them.—

Was I not to anſwer you, what could you conclude, but that I was offended at your endearing faithfulneſs, and I cannot bear the thought. Had you applauded me, I had nauſeated your Epiſtle, and perhaps never anſwered it; but now, though I at firſt reluctèd at writing, yet I am conſtrained to beg a continuance, not only of your kind caution, but of your reproofs too, if you ſee it needful.—Let the righteous ſmite me, it ſhall, I truſt, be an excellent oil, that ſhall not break my head! As to the charitable opinions, which you and others entertain of my having grace; in truth I truſt, through adorable ſovereignty, which hath triumphed over the chief of ſinners, that you are not miſtaken.

I dare not ſay, I have no grace; or that I do not know, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt; but as to the opinion of any, that I am an eminent Chriſtian, &c. it avails but little with me; ſo long as I daily find ſin, worſe than a Mordicai, ſitting at the gate, and refuſing to bow! —The opinion of others, ſo far as I know it, I conclude, proceeds from their own humility, or their ignorance of me; for to myſelf, I appear to fall awfully ſhort, in every peculiar excellency, I ſee in them.—And all the peculiar imperfections, that I may ſee in one

and another, which I might wish were otherwise, I turn inward, and find them *all* centring in me: So that I am constrained to inscribe on myself, when compared with other Christians, less than the least, of all Saints! —And when compared with the law of God, no more worthy to be called his!—Thus God preserves me, from being puffed up; by keeping me, in a degree, in sight of myself. But if pride, is in a degree suppressed this way, I run into another extreme; no less provoking, in the sight of God, viz. sinful discouragement; distrust of his grace; and forget the Lord, my Maker.—And when I feel myself thus forlorn, and am filled with self-loathing; seeing sin in every corner, "I fear continually every day, because of the fury of the oppressor; as if he were ready to destroy!"

Perhaps I have never heard of the fall of any Christian, for many years; but it is almost incessantly suggested, it is my turn next! —And when I wrote to you last fall, Sir, I was under distressing fears of this! My own sins appeared so provoking in the sight of God, that I seemed to stand upon a precipice, ready for a plunge every moment! I am often constrained to say, in the bitterness of my soul, As the Lord liveth, I have no hope

of ſtanding, but in himſelf alone; for I am every way expoſed!—But Oh, ſince Omnipotence, and faithfulneſs itſelf, hath hitherto upheld me, is not my dear Redeemer ſtill as able to keep me from falling now, as to preſent me faultleſs at laſt? Is not his grace ſufficient for me, vile as I am! And though God ſtands in no need of me, to uphold his honour and glory; yet, ſince he hath condeſcended to ſay to mortals, ye are my witneſſes; ceaſe not to pray, dear Sir, that I may ſtand to my lateſt breath, a witneſs to his truth and faithfulneſs.—That he will make ſin and Satan know, that I have an Almighty friend! He, who will not deliver me up, nor ſuffer any to pluck me out of his hands; who hath ſaid, "Becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo!"—With me, thou ſhalt be in ſafe-guard."

May I not yet, lift up my drooping head, and take courage? From union to Chriſt, by faith; from the tenor of the new, and everlaſting covenant; the interceſſion of my glorious Advocate in Heaven; and the promiſes of God, that he will never leave me nor forſake me? Oh, that I may look to Jeſus; who was the author, and will be the finiſher of my faith! Will not God, for his ſake, go on to forgive me, as he hath done;

(from Egypt, even until now) blot out my tranſgreſſions as a cloud, and ſpeak peace and pardon to my ſoul! Will he not look on the face of his anointed, and for his ſake, ſtrengthen me with ſtrength, in my ſoul; continue me an inſtance of his ſovereign grace here, till he take me to be a monumental pillar, in his temple above!

Thanks be to God, for ſome ſpring to my hope, at this time. That after all my trials, the great Captain of my Salvation, will bring me out of the field of battle, more than a conqueror, through his grace! Bleſſed be God, who hath raiſed me up a praying friend, here and there, for this purpoſe!

But it is time to beg you will forgive my intruſion on your patience. You have opened ſuch a door of freedom, Sir, and I found the field I was in ſo large, I could not ſpeedily get out.

May the Lord go on, to enrich your precious ſoul!—May you mount up as on eagle's wings, toward Heaven; run, and not be weary; walk, and not faint!—That the joy of the Lord, may be your ſtrength, till you arrive in glory, is the hearty deſire, of

Your much obliged, unworthy friend,

S. O.

LETTER LXXIII.

From Mrs. O. to a Lady in England; occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Dr. Guise.

Dear Madam,

Although I have not had the honour of a correſpondence with you, yet as you are the only ſurviving branch of my Rev. and honored Uncle's family, I beg your acceptance of a few lines. I intended to have written, and returned thanks to my Uncle, for the book he ſent me, but was prevented.

I mourn, with your honored mother; you and your conſort; the church, and the public, the loſs of my couſin Guiſe, and of my Reverend Uncle! May God, of his infinite mercy, make up, to all of you, in himſelf, and in his Chriſt, what he hath taken from you in the creature! What reaſon have we to bleſs God, who continued them to us ſo long; and made them ſo rich a bleſſing!—That God ſo glorified himſelf in them; and hath now releaſed the weary Pilgrims, from all their bodily infirmities, and from the intolerable burden, *sin!* O, could we aſk them back, might we be heard? Were they not made perfect in holineſs, at death? Did they not immediately paſs into glory? Let

us peep a little, after them; see how they worship, before the throne, of a holy God! and in the most humble, yet exalted strain; casting down their crowns; and shouting forth the praises of redeeming love, and distinguishing grace, which hath brought them there!

Were they not made the happy instruments, of turning many, to righteousness? And do we not by faith, see those shining as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever! Are they not, with open face, beholding the lovely Jesus; and drinking in the communicable perfections of Jehovah! Satisfied with his likeness! Blessed be God, I have frequently been refreshed, in tracing the precious souls to their everlasting home! Thanks be to God, to me, they are not lost, but found! While they were in Old-England, I had no hope of seeing them, they were at a great distance from me; but *now*, they are brought nigh, and through rich and sovereign grace, I hope for a speedy and joyful meeting! I am, I trust, hastening to them apace. Then, freed from the odious body of sin, under which I groan; and clothed with my dear Redeemer's spotless robe; I shall, with them, be a perfect worshipper! I shall fall prostrate and adore,

yea ſhout *aloud*; and yet never damp their joy!

O bleſſed be God, ſin cannot intermix with holy things there! No pride; no ſelfiſh views; no robbing God of his glory, let me ſhout as loud as I may! I am ready to think, if once I arrive there, I ſhall give way to none; for ſurely none are under greater obligations, than worthleſs me!

Yours,

S. O.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Miss S. A. to a friend confined by ſickneſs.

My dear Friend.

I could not, until Friday night, hear a word from you; nor could I learn what were your circumſtances, whether ſick or well; and ſince then I have been ſo unwell, I have not been able to go out; and though I am now better, yet I have no proſpect of ſeeing you at preſent.

O, may God be your joy and ſolace, in your confinement! How ſweet is it my dear, to realize *Jeſus*, as the great Redeemer

from the miſeries of the fall.—In him, there is complete redemption, from all the ſins and ſorrows of this fallen ſtate! I have no ſorrows now, but ſin; my unlikeneſs to the bleſſed God; and ſince the blood of Jeſus, his Son, cleanſeth from all ſin; I will humbly hope, it ſhall ere long, be completely done away, both the guilt, and pollution of it.—O, who, that hath this hope, can help rejoicing!—JESUS my *atonement*, JESUS my *advocate*, my *ſurety*, my everlaſting All!—Jeſus, my Judge and my juſtifier! who then ſhall condemn?

I have not any concerns, but what I ſee Jeſus Chriſt hath wiſdom, power, grace, truth, and compaſſion enough, to manage infinitely well for me!—I am ſatisfied; life or death, ſickneſs or health, he doth all things well!—O, may you but enjoy his preſence, and all ſhall be well with you. Be not afraid, only believe; God is faithful, and will appear for the help of his people! He is a God of judgment, bleſſed are they who wait for him!—In due time we ſhall reap, if we faint not.—To him, my dear, I commit you, with my own ſoul. *Yours, in Chriſt Jeſus,*

S. A.

FINIS.